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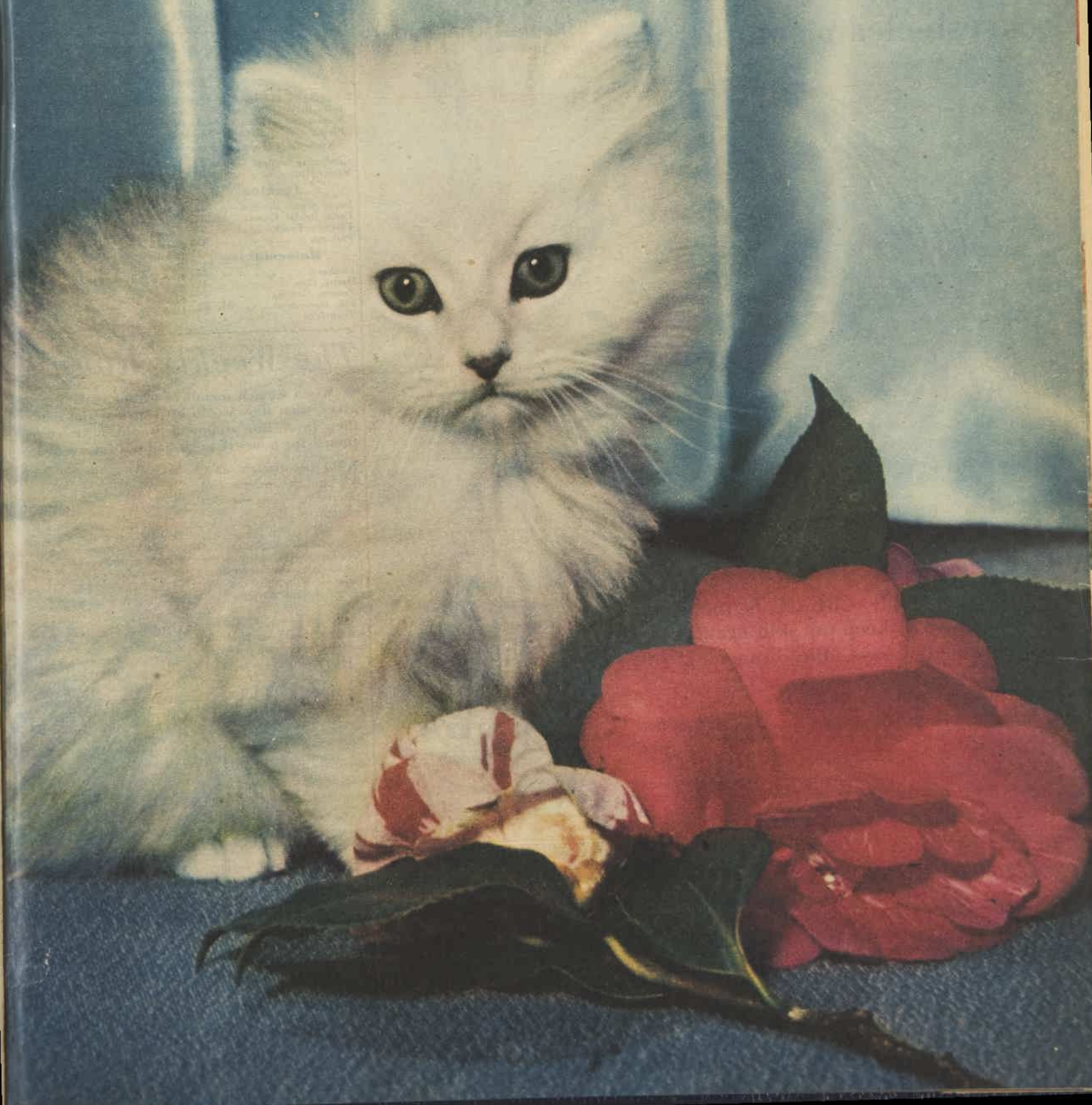
FEBRUARY 18, 1959

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY





# The lovely look of Mademoiselle France



...begins with a glorious,  
fresh-clean complexion ... but cleansing means more  
than just soap and water!



Mlle. France shows you  
the latest wig-style in  
bronzed feathers by  
Henriette Lamotte. Head-  
hugging and so flattering.

"POND'S COLD CREAM is the simplest,  
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Cold Cream—that's the one *sure* way to whisk out stale make-up  
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Tubes 2/11, or jars  
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## with moisturized lanolin in POND'S DRY SKIN CREAM

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Even from the age of 19 the first signs  
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patches.

Pond's Dry Skin Cream restores the bal-  
ance of oils in your skin. It provides rich  
lubricating lanolin and reviving, young-  
making moisture.

Tonight, see for yourself how Pond's Dry  
Skin Cream eases away tense frown lines  
... relaxes tautness ... sinks deep, helps  
soften and firm your skin.

Beauty products of Chesebrough-Pond's

## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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FEBRUARY 18, 1959

Vol. 26, No. 37

### Our cover

● Posy, a shaded silver Persian kitten bred by  
Miss H. Haswell, of North Turramurra, N.S.W.,  
is following a family tradition in appearing on  
our cover. Posy's mother is champion Miowera  
Trinket, and several of her kittens have posed  
for our covers. This picture is by staff photog-  
rapher Bob Cleland.

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### The Weekly Round

● When women members of our staff were  
asked what they would give up for the man  
they love, the argument would have con-  
tinued for hours if work had not intervened.

**N**O two thought alike,  
and that promises an  
interesting cross-section  
of entries for our £50  
"sacrifice" contest.

Amelia Borrelli, daughter of  
Sir Timothy Eden, considers  
the world of Mayfair sophisti-  
cation well lost for the love  
of an Italian ferryboat en-  
gineer.

We ask: What sacrifice  
would you make—or have you  
made—for the man you love?

Write and tell us in no more  
than 200 words.

We'll pay £50 for the best  
letter received and prizes of  
£5 and £1 for others pub-  
lished.

Send your entries—no later  
than February 24—to The Aus-  
tralian Women's Weekly, Box  
5252, G.P.O., Sydney, and  
mark your envelope "Sacrifi-  
ce."

**LANDSCAPE-GARDEN** de-  
signer Edna Walling,  
who wrote "Need You Have  
a Landscape Garden?" in our  
special gardening section,  
has designed a whole village,  
called Beckleigh Vale, at  
Mooroolbark, Vic.

Miss Walling subdivided  
into about one-acre blocks an  
area of about 20 acres and  
designed the cottages and  
gardens for the buyers.

"There is not one suburban  
house in the village," she said.  
"My aim with the gardens  
was to make them fit in with  
the cottages and the land-  
scape."

Miss Walling lives at Moo-  
roolbark, where she has just  
a tiny patch of garden for  
growing flowers and herbs.

"The rest is bush," she said.

"A garden is not a place to  
slave in. It should be a place  
of rest, a perfect setting for  
the house."

Miss Walling has written  
four books on gardening.

**WHEN** staff reporter Anne  
Dwyer went to see Lucinda  
the wombat (opposite page),  
there almost wasn't any story.

Lucinda was asleep and  
didn't want to be disturbed.

When Lucinda's mistress,  
Mrs. Beryl Lilley, finally got  
the wombat out of bed, the  
next battle was to keep her  
awake.

However, after being plied  
with bread, milk, and other  
delicacies, Lucinda stopped  
being temperamental and be-  
came most co-operative.

### NEXT WEEK

● Hot sunny days set  
the scene for outdoor  
living. A special four-  
page section in our  
next issue caters for  
people who like to re-  
lax and eat outdoors.  
There are two color  
pages with easy-to-  
follow instructions for  
transforming deck-  
chairs, plus two pages  
of recipes for tasty  
barbecue cooking.



## TRUE CONFESSIONS:



"MRS. LILLEY and I are going shopping today, and a girl needs all her strength for a day out, so I'm having a good breakfast." Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

*How do you do? Allow me to introduce myself: I'm Lucinda the Wombat, and I live in the Sydney suburb of Hurlstone Park.*

YOU may think a suburb is a strange place for a wombat to live, but I've been here ever since I was a few months old, and I like it.

Matter of fact, I'm an awfully civilised wombat.

My mistress, Mrs. Beryl Lilley, took me for a hike in the bush the other day and, frankly, I was terrified.

All those strange noises and prickly things; I was an absolute mass of nerves by the time we got home.

Luckily we were in time for my favorite TV programme, so I relaxed in front of the set and by next morning was quite tranquillised.

Perhaps you'd be interested to know how I came to be living here — we wombats are still rather rare sights around the big city.

Well, I was born in Victoria, where there is a bounty of 10/- for the skull of every wombat killed.

You see, the wombats down there are social misfits, tearing around the countryside breaking through fences, damaging crops, and all that sort of thing.

My mother was one of the wombats who didn't get away, and I, a tiny thing of only a few ounces, was taken from her pouch.

The kind woman who rescued me had heard of Mrs. Lilley and how fond she was of animals, so she packed me up comfortably in a tea chest and off I flew to Sydney.

By this time I was a four-month-old bottle baby, a skinny creature weighing only a few pounds.

You wouldn't think it to see me now — not two years old and three stone already.

I'm not fat, you'll understand — big bones.

The bulk of my diet is grass, cut-it-yourself variety, front lawn for breakfast, back lawn for lunch.

As a special treat I am given bread and milk; my latest passion is potato chips.

At our house, besides the four Lilley children and me, there are plenty of pets, and I love them all.

Everybody says I'm awfully friendly.

The only animal who really had me scared was another wombat whom some well-meaning person brought along for me to meet.

# A wombat without a worry in the world



In fact, as wombats go I'm quite attractive.

Not long ago I looked up "wombat" in the Australian Encyclopaedia. You can imagine my horror to find myself described as "a burrowing herbivorous marsupial with a thickset body, a broad head, a short neck, and short sturdy limbs with shovel-like nails."

I wonder if that could be classed as defamation?

Still, I'd rather be a wombat than anything else.

Really my life is just one gay round of pleasure.

During the week I potter around the house, sleeping and eating when I feel like it.

When the children come home from school we play; then there's dinner and TV.

At weekends we usually go to the beach and I have my weekly dip.

And quite often I am allowed to go to town shopping with Mrs. Lilley.

"THIS is the way I like to spend my evenings: congenial company — Mrs. Lilley's daughter Lorraine — and a good book, this one a favorite of mine on our wild life."

Now I don't mean this boastfully, but wherever we go I stop the traffic.

Mrs. Lilley and I drive in to the city — at least she drives and I sit quietly beside her until we stop at an intersection.

Then I slide over to the window, put my paws on the sill, and peer into the face of the driver in the next car.

Harmless enough, you'd think, but the results are amazing!

It's my favorite game.

And you'd be stunned to find how many people don't know a wombat.

The whole time people are coming up to Mrs. L. saying, "What is it?" or worse, "What is THAT?" People are so tactless.

The other day we went into one of Sydney's biggest department stores.

"Is it a wild boar?" asked the lift-driver. "No, of course not. It's a New Guinea pig," said one of the passengers.

Best of all was when we went up the escalators and through the garden-furniture. The lawn-mower man scratched his head and said to the man in garden-furniture-

"IT'S GOOD to have at least an hour a day with your feet up—so they say. Perched on top of the red cushion is one of my four-footed friends, a pet rat, anxious for a gossip. Other friends in the house are goldfish, two dogs, goannas, a tortoise, bantams, guinea-pigs, and rabbits."



and-pots, "Well, that's the biggest guinea-pig I've seen." I mean, really! A girl does have a lot to put up with, doesn't she?

"HERE I am with Mrs. Lilley in her car, heading for town and dreaming of those shops. This is a candid—the photographer didn't warn me."







## Very young skins need NIVEA MOISTURISING care

Summer heat and hot winds dry out very young skins, too. Natural health-giving oils and beauty-making moisture are lost, leaving skin tender and rough. For a lovely skin in later years, young skins should be protected by regular use of Nivea. Nivea contains Eucerite, the nearest thing to your skin's natural oils. Nivea replaces both oils and moisture, because Eucerite absorbs moisture and carries it deep into your skin where it is of the greatest benefit.



In tins, giant economy tins, tubes and Skin Oil in bottles.

## SKIN needs NIVEA

the moisturising cream



Sunbake safely with NIVEA sunfiltal

## ROYAL ALBERT *Bone China*



On show  
at all  
leading  
stores

### NIGHT-N-DAY

A new Royal Albert pattern which blends well with modern decor and has for its motif a fern in white on black background and black on white striking pattern. Made in England.

THOS. C. WILD & SONS LTD.,  
The Strand, 64 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne,  
Victoria.

# PARIS COLLECTIONS

## Waists high, low, or natural . . . skirts long and sleek by night

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

• In the spring collections waists are where you find them, lengths where you like them. But a big change — notably at Patou, Balmain, Cardin, and Dior — is the new evening length, which is down to just above the ankle.

SKIRT lengths for day are between 15in. at Dior, 16in. at Balmain, 17in. at Cardin.

Even Dior's skirts varied from two to three inches below the knee, according to the height of the mannequins.

In the new evening length Jean Patou used stiff black shantung gauze for an ankle-length skirt with a jet-embroidered top. At Dior was a new Persian print, ankle-length but with a short under-slip, just transparent enough to show the legs to the knee.

Pierre Cardin's dresses were draped and slit in front to the knee. Balmain, too, made his long tight evening dresses more manageable with knee-high slits.

Dior's Saint-Laurent was the only one in Paris to set a new line and stick to it. His "long look" is completely different from any other designer's, although it follows the general tipped-forward trend.

### Impressionism

He has smart little sailor-boy suits, long, straight seven-eighths Edwardian coats, double-breasted and squared at the top, straight jumpers on coolie lines.

The Edwardian theme is a dream of Impressionist paint-

IN the tradition of Captain Molyneux, the Englishman who after World War I took Paris by storm with a roll of two of cloth and a wealth of ideas, another young man is an overnight sensation at the House of Lanvin.

Twenty-year-old Mr. Smith crossed the Channel with only a few buckram shapes, a phrase or two of French, and his mother, who believes he has what it takes.

Mr. Smith was straight from the London College of Fashion, and Lanvin hired him.

His hats are the talk of Paris.

At the party given by the French fashion people to fete their "Mr. Smeat," Mrs. Smith wore the high, straight, Egyptian-style hat her son made her.

Unlike the Manet boater and the Merry Widow sweep of hats at Dior, Mr. Smith's hats are classics.

Enormous souffles of ruched tulle and high crowns rise all the way through the collection. There are, too, hard little leather hats that come straight from the riding ring.



CONGRATULATIONS from his mother for Yves Saint-Laurent, Dior designer, after his collection showing.

ings. There are the little boaters so dear to Manet and enormous hats swathed in printed chiffon to match floating dresses. Fruits and flowers decorate hat crowns; scarves are like riding stocks.

Dior has adorable little dresses, easy to wear, yet in keeping with the Edwardian mood. These are pleated from top to bottom and in them he gives women back their waists, with belts never very wide but matching the dress in either material or leather.

### Empire line

A coolie hat at Dior is in all sizes like small and large lampshades. Romantically, it is swathed to match the dress with diaphanous printed chiffon or mousseline. These lovely printed chiffon dresses are so subdued in their coloring of greens, browns, washed-out navy, and slate-blue it is like looking at them through gauze.

The "long line" in chiffon is as near to the Empire line as Dior goes, with drapery to the bustline and long scarves floating at the back.

A luxury Edwardian touch is the motoring veil of the era in pearl-beige chiffon on a bee-hive straw hat worn with a mink coat in the new desert-gold color.

When Dior tilted the silhouette forward like a new moon the perfection of detail didn't stop with the dress. Balancing

the new silhouette is the curved heel to shoes.

Ropes of beads twisted around each wrist matching the short, many-stranded necklace are a must. And if the beads contrast, then they are green with a matching hat, or red or another positive shade.

The other bright young man of the Paris Couture, Guy Laroche, keeps the waistline both high and low with a clever double belt, high in front and fitting snugly to the natural waist at the back.

His overblouses either turn under or are little oval tops with the breezy touch of the young midshipman.

Belled skirts have ribbon-waisted tops. Shoulders are so broad that sometimes they double as sleeves.

His necklines are high and filled in on suits with cowl collars of the printed silk blouse which double as a hood.

### Waistline

At Lanvin there is a definite waistline, though it's loose and the belt is wide, indicating where the waist should be. Skirts are slightly bell-shaped and gathered or tucked into softly falling blouse-tops.

Castillo, Lanvin's designer, has combed the East for exotic touches, so that fiery violet drapes and rich colors vie with rajah coats that have wide shoulders, wide arm-holes, and wide three-quarter

sleeves. Belts are generously encrusted with embroidery.

His neat suits have short horseshoe jackets and guillo-tine necklines or big shawl collars.

The Australian pearl influenced Pierre Balmain for his entire collection.

Balmain's customers are reputed to be the richest and choosiest in the world, and from the ranks of the rich he recruited British ex-deb. Henrietta Tiarks to be photographed in his clothes.

Henrietta's mother was one of the first to order from a collection that stands, as always, for fine workmanship and a wealth of intricate detail.

One amusing idea from the Balmain pearl collection was strips of rippling organdie making a bodice or a whole ball gown and suggesting the ocean waves.

### "New boys"

The two new boys to the world of haute couture, Michel Goma and Serge Matta, were both acclaimed for their clever little collections.

Goma, doing the shirtwaist, which is the general theme of the easy-to-wear dresses, made them exactly like a shirt—tail and all. The shirt-tail coat, cut like grandfather's, was scalloped and slit on the side, and the shirt-tail cut for suits and skirts was handled very cleverly.

White organdie and navy-blue crisp fabrics gave the collections a wearable look.

Matta, too, had clothes that were useful and prim, with bustle backs for debs' dresses.

His wrist-length jackets were classics, and the neckline followed the general trend by standing well away with easy collars.

The favorite color in Paris is pistachio-green. It is often used with pink, sometimes as sharp as neon-pink, as at Balmain.

Fireworks colors, like oranges, lemons, and reds, are popular, and even Dior's collection is twice as colorful as in other years, with lots of lacquer-red and bursts of tangerine against more subtle shades.

After green, pink is still the spring favorite. There is mauve, and occasionally a deep purple. Lots of prints are inspired by stained-glass windows, and fancy woollen fabrics in open crocheted weave are in sharp colors, such as acid-lemon.

With the shirtwaist and the new long look, there is a general smoothing-down of hairstyles.



# OUR £1200 DIET CONTEST

● The winners of the first weekly prizes have been chosen in our big £1200 Diet Contest. This week, and for another five weeks, we will pay two prizes of £50 for the best diet hints of the week, with a grand prize of £500 for the best hint received during the contest. All other entries published will win £2/2/- awards.

## This week's prizewinners

**I** HAVE found that I have lost weight by planning my shopping list. When I make out my weekly meat order I buy only enough, so that when the meal comes and I think I would enjoy another sausage, or a second chop, there isn't any to have.

"Similarly, when making desserts I serve everything and then there is none left for me. Whereas if there is some left I am tempted to take it. As we're a small family I find this easy to do with the shopping.

"I have lost 16lb. in just three months, which is a steady reducing method. It involves no special diet but just eating less."

£50 to MRS. NAOMI LIESCHKE, 9 FENWICK STREET, KEW E.4, VIC.

**A**FTER my baby was born I had quite a bit of weight to lose, so I decided to work out for myself a diet which would not make me feel hungry and empty, or tired and irritable.

"For every day I:

1. Cut out all sugar in my tea and coffee.

2. Ate no fresh white bread, but substituted 100 p.c. wholemeal.

3. Instead of my husband driving me to do the shopping I walked.

"For one day a week (I chose Wednesday, my least busy day) I had one glass of milk and one banana in place of my normal meals. This was adequate, as I did only the essential work and therefore did not use up much energy to make me require big meals.

"I found this diet very easy to stick to. It seemed no time till I was back to my normal weight, but I still take no sugar and eat wholemeal bread."

£50 to MRS. JAYNE SMALL, 56 VINE STREET, MAGILL, S.A.

## Quantity control

THE most successful means of dieting I've found is a general cutting down on food all round.

"The first week I dispense with in-between snacks, and the second week cut down on regular meals.

"I don't advise cutting out any particular foods, only reducing the amounts.

"So that I feel less of a martyr about it I put the smaller serving in a small plate—cereal in a sweet-dish instead of a soup plate, evening meal on an entree plate instead of a dinner plate, etc.

"And the stimulus for keeping on with the diet is not to worry too much about the scales, but rather to have a slim-fitting dress which has wrinkles and stretches in it over your present figure, and to watch it relax as you lose some curves."

£2/2/- to Mrs. M. Koruman, 80 Chick Street, Punchbowl, N.S.W.

## The calorie count

**I** FOUND counting calories was a very satisfactory way to lose weight.

"Just to make it more interesting, keep the kitchen scales out permanently, with a pad and pencil handy to jot down everything you eat per day, with its calorie value. Having to put on paper what you have eaten keeps you on the right track.

"It's amazing how the calories add up at the end of the day if you honestly add up the score. After a few weeks of this you become calorie-conscious so that the desire to let yourself go is a thing of the past.

"While the dieting is going on, take up an interesting hobby. I had a garden blitz, and besides having a slimmer figure I had a garden of flowers to show for my efforts."

£2/2/- to Miss M. Cameron, c/o Tully Co-op. Sugar Milling Assoc. Ltd., Tully, Qld.

## Get in the swim

**C**UT out a photograph of a lovely girl with a beautiful figure in a swimsuit or shorts and paste the picture on the inside of the refrigerator or cake cupboard. Write underneath:

"Use willpower and you could be like this."

£2/2/- to Mrs. R. McMinn, 26 Kylie Avenue, Killara, N.S.W.

## Menu magic

**M**AKE your diet into a menu, type it out, and make it look decorative.

"It's YOUR menu, and see that YOU carry it out strictly.

"To make it very easy to stick to a diet and enjoy it, always buy small portions of food of the best quality. Take great care in cooking and serve attractively."

£2/2/- to Mrs. F. I. Thomson, 18 Wingram Rd., Austimner, N.S.W.

## REPLACE REMEMBER

and

you

will

REDUCE

THE above triangle has helped me keep my measurements to modelling proportions after being an 11½-stone fatty.

"I'll explain how it works.

"The best reducing hint: REPLACE.

"Let's assume you start a diet. Then comes a time of temptation. That's when you pamper yourself.

"Replace the chocolate éclair with the juiciest peach you can find. Next time, don't put temptation in your way.

"Always have your replacements in stock—for example, chewing-gum for chocolates, celery for chips, and so on.

"Never allow self pity: REPLACE and REDUCE.

"The best hint on how to stick to a diet: REMEMBER.

"Remember why you decided to slim in the first place.

"Was it for the sake of your looks, or your health, or your love life?

"Use your imagination to see yourself when you have shed those ugly pounds. Use your commonsense to know what food you need and you should not be hungry.

"So what's to stop you? Nothing—just remember and reduce."

£2/2/- to Mrs. Ann Rose, 62 Clareville Avenue, Sans Souci, N.S.W.

## A fry-pan ban

**F**ORGET your own a frying-pan. Don't eat anything at all that has been cooked in fat. You will lose weight by eating grills instead of fried foods and you will feel better.

£2/2/- to Mrs. V. McCardill, 15 Whitfield Cres., Narwee, N.S.W.

## Fruitful solution

**H**AVE one day a week of eating nothing but fruit and vegetables.

"The best day to choose is one spent on the beach or playing some sport, as the exercise combined with the low calories is wonderful for the figure. A few pounds will vanish easily and safely."

£2/2/- to Miss B. H. Ray, 36 Spring Street, Abbotsford Pt., N.S.W.

## Expensive weight

**B**EING a lover of food and finding it hard to keep to my diet, my son suggested that each week after being weighed if I had not lost the necessary weight I pay him 10/-.

"Paying out two weeks running was quite enough for me. I lost my 2lb. each week from then on. Now I have a nice trim figure of 8st. 10lb."

£2/2/- to Mrs. D. McCracken, 26 May Street, West Preston, Vic.

## Why "Garbage Gertie" grows

**D**ON'T be a 'Garbage Gertie' and eat the lovely piece of fresh bread and butter and jam 'Little Tommy' left on his plate, or the succulent piece of custard tart that was left from last night's family dinner.

"Food wasted is better in the long run than inches carelessly added on 'Mum's hips."

"Then, to stick to a diet, have a favorite dress a tiny bit tight on the hips and stomach.

"My particular dress is a fawn linen sheath with a front panel of guipure lace, and as soon as I find myself reaching for out-of-bounds food I hop into the bedroom to try on my favorite. It soon puts me in my place.

"You quickly get to the stage where you know dieting is really worth while."

£2/2/- to Mrs. Joan Miller, 37 Gipps St., Waverley, N.S.W.

## HOW TO ENTER

● How do you diet? How do you stick to your diet? We will award two prizes of £50 each week for:

1. The best reducing hint.

2. The best hint on how to stick to a diet.

The entries which win the progress prizes will also be eligible for the big £500 prize.

● Address your entries "Diet Hints," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

● Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter the contest.

● Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges and no correspondence will be entered into about the decision.

● All entries become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd.



HIBISCUS RED



COPRA GREY



## Basketweave...

the new Laminex design with  
the South Pacific charm

... the latest Laminex pattern that gets its full measure  
of excitement via association with the romantic Pacific

Islands ... its surface durability from the advanced laboratory  
at Laminex where it is trained to resist dirt, scratches,

burns, the wear and tear of modern life. Introduce a change  
into your home — a change is as good as a holiday

— in this case an exotic excursion into the glamor of  
the Pacific. Basketweave is here to make important decorating news  
in five enchanting colors: Hibiscus Red, Bikini Blue,  
Copra Grey, Golden Sand and Kontiki Green.



KONTIKI GREEN




GOLDEN SAND



BIKINI BLUE



**LAMINEX**  
LOVELIER FOR A LIFETIME

A product of 

ASK YOUR FURNITURE STORE OR LAMINEX DEALER TO SHOW YOU THIS LATEST ADDITION TO THE COLORFUL LAMINEX RANGE



# Happy home—with a French accent

**"Gregory is the boss,"  
says film star's wife**

● In Domain Road, South Yarra, one of Melbourne's best known houses is now a magnet for film fans. They stroll past with studied casualness in the hope of seeing film star Gregory Peck, his lovely French wife, Veronique, and children.

THE four-bedroomed house, "Kurnah," home of Sir Norman and Dame Mabel Brookes, proved the happy answer to a long search for a suitable family home for the Pecks.

Dame Mabel had the house redecorated and installed the nursery cot and fireguard used by her mother, the late Mrs. Harry Emmerton, in the blue room, which is being used as a nursery.

As well as the Pecks' children, Cecilia, 2, and Anthony, eight months, they have with them Cary Paul, 9, youngest of Gregory's three sons by his previous marriage.

Mrs. Peck, who collects French antique furniture, has been intrigued with Dame Mabel's collection of French furniture and Napoleonic-era bric-a-brac.

"But we had to pack away quite a few valuable pieces because of the children," she said with a smile.

"I was quite alarmed when Cary Paul picked up a guitar Napoleon had given Dame Mabel's great-grandmother and was about to strum it like a banjo.

"That guitar was very quickly put in a safe place."

Slim, fair, elegant, with big brown eyes and expressive face, Mrs. Peck has all the charm attributed to Frenchwomen.

She believes a wife's job is to make a home which can be a shelter from the world.

She and her husband discuss problems.

"But, always it is for him to make the final decision," she said, with a slight and captivating French accent.

Veronique helps him rehearse by reading other parts in his scripts.

"I express my opinion about his work, and he asks my advice," she said with a flash of her hands. "I don't know how much notice he takes of me. But he is a very good listener."

The Pecks live quietly in their English-style Los Angeles house, which has two acres of ground—for privacy.

"And, of course, a swimming-pool," she added impulsively. "Everyone else has one, so we might as well."

They are determined to bring up their children away from the limelight.

"This is not as difficult as it sounds," Veronique explained. "It is possible to have a normal family life in Hollywood if you want to, and over there film stars do not create the sensation they do here."

When she took the children to Canadian Bay, at Mount Eliza, during filming of "On the Beach" there, Veronique Peck—like everyone connected with the film—was

By  
**BARBARA WALLIS,**  
staff reporter

amazed that a crowd gathered to watch from a distance.

"In Hollywood film stars are so commonplace no one takes any notice of them. The interest here is very gratifying," she said, and added that everywhere her husband went people recognised him and talked about the film.

In Australia Cary Paul is going to school at Melbourne Grammar.

"He may miss out a little on academic work by changing schools," Mrs. Peck said, "but he will gain something even more valuable by travelling and going to school in another country."

The Peck children are firmly disciplined, and father's word is law.

A neighbor of the Pecks' was intrigued when burning-off the other day to receive a visit from Cary Paul who asked seriously if he were do-

ing the right thing by burning off some rubbish.

"Aren't you afraid of smog?" asked Cary Paul, brought up in Los Angeles, where smog is a problem.

"You know if everyone burns off you will have smog here."

The neighbor explained he didn't think the little fire would do much damage, and asked Cary Paul to have a soft drink.

"No, thank you," said the nine-year-old solemnly. "I am only allowed to have one a day, and I have already had one."

Mrs. Peck has had trouble resisting the restless American desire for constant change.

"A Frenchwoman will wear the same dress much longer than an American woman, because, after much thought, she chooses something simple, useful, and flattering."

"But in America I see something new on television, and like everyone else I want to rush out and buy it."



LOVELY Veronique Peck (above); at left, with her film-star husband.



VERONIQUE PECK'S meeting with her husband could have been taken straight from a film.

She was the 22-year-old reporter sent to interview the famous film star—a little nervous and intent only on getting her story.

Subsequently, when she was sent to Rome to cover the making of "Roman Holiday," in which he starred with Audrey Hepburn, the romance blossomed.

They were married on New Year's Day, 1956.

Veronique worked as a journalist in Paris for three years before her marriage.

Her first reporting assignment was a story

about two large dogs which were alleged to have killed a man.

"The paper decided I wasn't really suited to accidents and murders," she said, "so I was given movies and theatre openings, which I enjoyed much more."

"When I first started as a journalist, I was told I had to be at work by 7 a.m. to watch the paper go to press."

"For months I got up at 5 a.m. to be there. It was a long time before I realised I was having my leg pulled."

"But I learnt a lot from it and probably impressed my employer that I was very keen!"

## OH NO, MRS. RICHARDSON!

● American Mrs. Ham Richardson, who visited Australia recently with her Davis Cup player husband, wrote a story for The Australian Women's Weekly last month on her impressions of Australia. A few days later letters began to arrive from readers:

● From Mrs. Pat Robertson, of Caulfield, Vic.:

DURING the past eight years, when I lived in Canada, I often visited the U.S.A., and at no time did I hear the perfect speech Mrs. Richardson implies is spoken there.

I cannot imagine a Brooklyn native who says "boids, troat, dis, and dat" for "birds, throat, this, and that," using the expression "a size nine shoe fits my son perfectly."

And natives of the South would be seeking "a sarze narhn showe."

I liked the Americans I met, but found they usually wrote a better brand than they spoke.

● From Miss Elaine Dyer, of Orange, N.S.W.:

THE article was the same old story of someone trying to convince us that Sunday movies and a house full of luxuries are all we need to make the whole world contented and happy.

My answer to that is (in Americanese), "Baloney!"

● From Mrs. Diana Wynne, Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W.:

AUSTRALIANS may not work as hard as Americans. But while everyone wants to see this country develop further, certain things are infinitely more precious than

"being able to buy rolls on Saturday."

Americans are charming, hospitable people. Their hard work has helped to make their country rich—but haven't they set too much on keeping shops open seven days a week from early morning until midnight?

Australians have a much more civilised attitude by refusing to sacrifice their very enjoyable present for an all-automatic, all-electric future.

Because of the overwhelming feeling in America that one must work, work, work, every day is the same. There's no time to pause, even for Sunday.

And as for Bermuda shorts! American women have such pretty figures; it's a mystery that they want to camouflage them with those peculiar pants. Unless it's to prove who wears the trousers! Stay with the starched petticoats, I say.

● From Miss M. Brownfield, of Gladesville, N.S.W. (who wrote on behalf of 11 of her girl-friends, too):

THERE is undoubtedly room for improvement in Australia, but no one has the right to criticise so strongly a country in which she was received with warmth and friendliness.

● From H.W. (name supplied), of Rockhampton, Qld.

MRS. RICHARDSON criticises the Sydney taximan for working till Thursday to make enough money to go fishing the rest of the week.

To my way of thinking, it's a much saner and more rational way of life than the American interpretation.

Has Mrs. Richardson heard of "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"?

For "dull," in that case, one could substitute "hypocondriac."

● From Mrs. J. T. Carrington, of Orange, N.S.W.:

JUST who does Mrs. Ham Richardson think she is?

She breaks all the rules of amateur tennis by accompanying her husband on the Davis Cup tour.

One would think she would lie low and be thankful she was allowed to come—but no! She writes an article full of gross exaggerations and criticism.

I've read that Ham says he will never play in another Davis Cup. That suits us fine; we wouldn't want his wife here again.



# MOVIELAND'S "DOLL"

● Movieland bustle and glamor has temporarily invaded a small corner of Sydney for the shooting of the Hecht-Hill-Lancaster production of "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll."

**N**EXT week filming will be completed on this screen version of Ray Lawler's play, and, shortly after, its international stars — Anne Baxter, John Mills, Ernest Borgnine, and Angela Lansbury — will leave for home.

Then will come the job of cutting and editing—a task never before attempted in Australia on a film made with overseas capital.

The black-and-white film, the most important movie ever made in Sydney, is directed by Leslie Norman, the director of "The Shiralee" and "Dunkirk."

These color pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow are scenes from "The Doll," which will be seen by world-wide audiences when it is released in six or seven months—possibly after a Sydney world premiere.



AMERICAN STAR Ernest Borgnine (above), pictured in character for his role in "The Doll," in which he plays Roo, a likeable, rum-bustious cane-cutter.

THE BEGINNING of the 17th summer (right). Down in Sydney from the cane-fields, Barney (John Mills) and Roo are met at Circular Quay by Roo's girl-friend, Olive (Anne Baxter), and Pearl (Angela Lansbury), unenthusiastic replacement for Barney's old girl, Nancy, whose marriage broke up a foursome of 16 years' standing.



THE END of the wonderful 16th summer (above). Accompanied by Olive and Nancy (out of camera range, but played by Jessica Noad), the boys make a wild last-minute dash for Central Station and their north-bound train. As usual, the four had spent the cane-cutters' lay-off season together at the Milton's Point residential (shown at right) run by Olive's mother, Emma. In the play, Nancy was referred to, but did not appear. The film version of "The Doll" differs considerably from Lawler's original one-set play, when 16th summer was simply referred to in dialogue. Film shows hotel where Olive is a barmaid, and next-door barber's where Pearl, a barmaid in the play, is a manicurist.





# ON LOCATION



LEFT: Emma (Ethel Gabriel) is shown watering tired flowers on the verandah of her Milson's Point residential. Ethel Gabriel also played the Emma role in the Australian, London, and New York stage productions of "The Doll."

ABOVE: Barney and Olive (John Mills and Anne Baxter) share one of the few jokes of the summer that was to prove full of dramatic changes. Both American and Australian dialogue versions have been recorded of some scenes.

## THE SETTING

IN Ray Lawler's play the setting for "The Doll" was in the Melbourne suburb of Carlton, but Sydney was considered more pictorially suitable and convenient for the demands of the screen version. Hollywood set the action in Glen St., Milson's Point, an old residential suburb situated on the northern side of Sydney Harbor.

LEFT: The Milson's Point home of Miss Florence Carlon, which, during the shooting of "The Doll," became "Emma's place." The camera lights and equipment outside the house give hint of bustle to come when filming began.

RIGHT: The view from Emma's verandah, looking across Luna Park, where some of the scenes took place, and over the Harbor to Walsh Bay and Pyrmont.





FOR WELCOME WEDDING

# Gifts

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# 23

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SEE THE FULL WILTSHIRE CUTLERY RANGE AT YOUR FAVOURITE STORE

FATHER



MOTHER



"You know how much change you got from the grocer? . . . THAT'S why you can't go to the pictures."

## It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

OUR gardening section this week reminds me that I have just planted a pot of wandering jew.

Some years ago the windowsills of the flat were a crawling mass of cactus plants and succulents.

Then, rebelling against withered leaves on the floor, watering, and difficulties with curtains and blinds, I pitched the lot out.

Meanwhile, the indoor-plant craze took hold of the nation. Greenery invaded the halls of commerce.

Hardly a bank today that doesn't have its monster and potted palms in the entrance. For all I know, variegated ivy is entwined in the ledgers.

But I still turned my face sternly away from horticulture.

Then, coming home one night, I saw a couple of mysterious figures bent over the ground on the vacant allotment next to the flats.

As one straightened up, hiding something under her coat, I recognised her.

"Just been pinching some earth for a new potplant," she whispered. "Do you think there's a law against it?"

For some reason this stirred in me a dormant desire for gardening.

The next weekend I came home from an outing with the bundle of wandering jew.

It's too late now. I can feel an attack of geraniums coming on.

THOSE instances I gave of women's fervor as sports fans drew a comment from an Englishman whose parents came to this country many years ago.

"My mother," he said, "is the sort of woman people imagine when they think of an old-fashioned, rather straitlaced English lady."

"Most people would call her prim. As boys we always wished she would unbend a little in case Australian friends thought her cold."

"A few months ago she started watching wrestling on television on Saturday afternoons. 'I just happened to be passing the set and thought I would switch it on,' she used to say at first.

"Then she dropped all pretence. She gets worked up into such a passion for her favorites that we have feared it might be bad for her heart.

"As for the language she uses when she disapproves of tactics from the opponent of a wrestler she likes! Frankly, I cannot imagine where she ever heard some of the words.

"It is useless to tell her that these matches are really exhibitions, that the result is probably planned beforehand. She simply says, 'Yes, so I've heard,' and starts barracking again.

"Lately she and a woman friend have taken to mysterious outings. We think they go to the Stadium.

"All my mother will say is, 'As soon as you boys were 21 I stopped asking you where you were going at night. Now you should repay me by exercising the same respect for my privacy as an individual.'"

NEWS that many Paris designers showed waists in the right place at the recent collections has caused immense satisfaction to all the ladies who resisted the fashions of the past two seasons.

"You'll have to throw THAT away soon," I overheard a waisted girl say triumphantly to a sack-wearer.

"I'll put a belt on it next season," said the other stoutly.

It's not as simple as that. If you belt the waist of a properly cut sack it balloons out over the tail in a most peculiar manner.

One interesting point: All those who resisted the sack and chemise have bolstered their resistance by saying that they wouldn't be bulldozed into something unbecoming by a lot of mad designers in Paris.

But many of them seem happy now to be able to quote the latest edicts of the same designers.

A WHITE tomcat found wandering on a New York wharf recently was thought to have come from Sydney. It wore an identification tag, but the only clear words were "Sydney, Australia." The finder put it aboard a freighter bound for Bombay.

Old Snow the tomcat, showing no distress, stroked his white whiskers, smiled, and said, "Oh well.

They say I come from Sydney. An address

As good as any other, truth to tell.

Seafaring cats, like sailors, have a port They label home. It's useful, I'll admit For letters, wives, and matters of that sort.

But when we're sick of it, we like to quit.

My home's the high seas. My old Ma was born,

According to her story often told, One stormy, blustering night around Cape Horn

(The sailors stowed her safely in the hold).

She met my Pop in Valparaiso Bay, And I one day in Sydney strolled ashore, Met a nice line in tabbies, thought I'd stay;

But then, in time, she got to be a bore.

Somebody stuck a tag on me last year. That went too far, and so I skipped one day.

They say (said Snow the tomcat with a leer)

There are some pretty tabbies in Bombay."





## AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR

● Newcastle, sixth city of Australia and second cargo port in the Commonwealth, has a population (city and suburbs) of 189,750. With a safe all-weather harbor at the mouth of the Hunter River, Newcastle is a busy port with facilities for building, repairing, and servicing ships from all parts of the world. Besides being Australia's chief coal port, Newcastle is an export centre for bulk wheat, wool, dairy produce, timber, and a variety of products from the city's major industry, steel. Raymond Davie, of Maitland, took this picture of the eastern end of the city proper, with Royal Newcastle Hospital facing Newcastle Beach in the centre foreground and farther around the coast Nobby's Beach and Lighthouse at the harbor entrance.



# BOTH for only 7'.



**Cashmere Bouquet  
PEACHES 'N' CREAM  
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with transparent  
lid...or to fit  
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Here is a complete make-up set in a unique transparent purse pack. The new "Love Affair" colour in Cashmere Bouquet lipstick is the prettiest of them all. Peaches 'n' Cream in the special clear-lidded refill is a space saver in your purse, or can be put into your compact.



*...with*  
**Cashmere Bouquet  
creamy lipstick in  
romantic new  
coral-rose**

*Love Affair*

**STOCKS ARE LIMITED**  
Don't miss out on this  
wonderful cosmetic buy!



WIVES of U.S. business executives on a Sydney Harbor cruise (from left) Mrs. M. Neifeld, Mrs. W. Walther, Mrs. Ross Martin, Mrs. Leetate Smith, Mrs. Donald Sloan, Mrs. Guy Haynes.

## THE WOMEN BEHIND SUCCESS

● The importance of a woman's role in helping her husband to be a successful businessman was emphasised in Sydney recently by the wives of six U.S. executives.

THE women were accompanying their husbands and four other business leaders on Operation Enterprise.

This is a 23-city, 60-day around-the-world tour in which the tourists confer with businessmen in different countries on the latest technique of sales management, marketing, and distribution.

Twice a year, teams of executives like these, paying their own way, tour the world.

Their hosts in Australia are the Institute of Sales Management (Aust.).

Leader of Operation Enterprise 1959 is Elmer R. Krueger, president of a large paper company, who since 1945 has led six lecture teams to Latin America, 12 to Europe and the Middle East, three tours around the world, and once each to Africa, the Orient, and the South Pacific.

"If I were hiring a man, I would certainly want to know about his wife as well," Mr. Krueger said.

"A particular type of wife can be an added qualification for a man in the running for certain positions.

"I think, too, that wives should know about their husbands' business. It is the husband's duty to keep his wife informed about his work.

"But I don't believe a man should involve his whole home in his business — the home should come first always.

"Along these lines, many U.S. firms offer family incentives to salesmen.

"We have found that this really works—when a salesman is trying to win a bicycle for Junior or something for the house he works much harder.

"Another interesting point about business and wives is that a woman who has learned about a system in business

will probably run a home better," Mr. Krueger said.

Attractive grandmother Mrs. Donald C. Sloan, of Portland, Oregon, says, "When your husband is in business you have to stand back of anything he does.

"You have to be a 'minute' woman, be prepared to do anything at a minute's notice, and not worry about the complications.

"You have to be a combination of plumber, cook, secretary, and diplomat. And, most of all, you have to like people."

Mrs. Sloan has three grown-up children and eight grandchildren, runs her own large home with the help of a

Mrs. Ross Martin, of Elkhart, Indiana, has a different philosophy. "I guess I'm just a homebody," she smiled.

"My idea is that it's the wife's duty to see that her husband has peace and quiet when he comes home."

Youngest member of the Operation Enterprise group wives is Mrs. Leetate Smith.

Her young — early forties — dynamic husband is southwestern divisional manager of a family insurance scheme.

"Whenever my husband has a big meeting of his salesmen, wives are invited along as well.

"You see, in our business, the wives really work, taking telephone calls at home and joining in the extensive social side of business — we have bridge clubs, square dances, and lots of family activities.

"Some time ago we had a wives' quiz on the business; not one rated less than 89 per cent.

"When my husband wants to select a man for one of the key positions we invite him to dinner.

"After they have gone we talk it over and discuss whether that man's wife would be a help or a hindrance to him.

"A big part of our salesmen's work is interviewing families, and for this they need a happy family background.

"If a man has just had a row with his wife and temporarily hates all women, that's no good for business."

The sixth member of the group, Mrs. Guy Haynes, of Portland, didn't feel qualified to offer an opinion.

"My husband and I have been married only three years and he's now retired. So I haven't been called on to help much in a business way," she said.

However, all six agreed that the recipe for a successful businessman's wife is a mixture with the main ingredients teamwork, tolerance, and tact.

By  
**ANNE DWYER,**  
staff reporter

cleaner one day a week, is a keen gardener, and entertains a great deal at home.

Then she has her garden club, literature club, and 11 different church organisations — among other activities.

Freedom is essential to the businessman, according to Mrs. Neifeld, wife of economist Dr. M. Neifeld, of New Jersey.

"See a successful man and you may be sure that his wife has given him a great amount of freedom," Mrs. Neifeld said.

"If you want your husband to be successful in business you can't be jealous, you can't be greedy, you can't be crabby.

"You have to make your home a place that your husband is anxious to get to, and then pleased to be there."

"My husband puts the wives of sales staff on the mailing list for any special promotion," said Mrs. Walther, whose husband is president of a wholesale distributing company in New Orleans.



# LANZA PLANS TOUR



MARIO LANZA in whimsical mood at Capri during the making of "For the First Time."

## Aussies deserve a close look, he says

● Truck-driver-turned-tenor Mario Lanza, planning a concert tour of Australia this year, says its high time Australians had a close look at the man to whom they send thousands of fan letters a year.

"AFTER all," he says, "they've had to take me so far on the value of my recordings and films. But I guess they liked what they saw and heard. They've sent me everything from pocket handkerchiefs for the wife and kids, and kangaroos made of driftwood, to a portrait of myself done in fantastic colors with silk on canvas."

"On top of this, several performers who have gone to Australia from America and elsewhere have told me what a wonderful time they had."

"Even Frank Sinatra was happy in Australia, and told me I must go there."

What Australians will see when the star lands in Sydney is a 13-stone, barrel-chested, wrestler-type six-footer, with a ready smile, an American accent, a zest for good living, and, of course, That Voice.

### Film possible

Thirty-five-year-old Lanza, who can run up an estimate of gross takings in his head as quickly as he can trill a scale, admits, however, that it is not goodwill alone that draws him to Australia.

"I'll be well paid for my appearances out there, and I'll want time to look closely at people and places. I might even get an idea for doing a film in Australia."

Lanza's wife, Betty, will

travel with him. She is a pretty, dark-haired, friendly girl, whom he met in Hollywood.

Part Irish, she is the ideal wife-manager for the mercurial Mario. She has a spontaneous humor, a flair for keeping calm, and the ability to neatly trump any card her husband might choose to play.

### Children stay

The couple's four boisterous children, Colleen, 10, Elissa, 8, Damon, 6, and Marc, 4, will remain in Rome during the tour.

Lanza, who came to Rome nearly two years ago from his native United States, ex-

has so far made more than £10 million.

Lanza earns a colossal income from recordings alone. His biggest single hit is "The Loveliest Night of the Year," which has sold more than 2,000,000 copies.

This has brought him two Gold Discs—symbols recording companies award to artists for each million copies of their records sold.

Runners-up are "Be My Love" (nearing the two million mark) and "Because You're Mine."

Lanza's album "The Student Prince," with 500,000 sold, is the highest-selling individual album in recording history.

### From a Special Correspondent in Rome

pects to stay in Italy another three years after his return from Australia.

He has three more European films scheduled in that time: "Granada," for which Ben Hecht wrote the story, "Tales of the Vienna Woods," and "Hey, Dad!" a comedy.

Of all his films, Lanza's favorite is "The Toast of New Orleans," the second in which he starred with Kathryn Grayson. "I've never had so much fun making a movie," he said.

But in terms of hard cash his real winner is "The Great Caruso," made in 1951, which

Mario Lanza was christened Alfredo Arnold Cocozza in the city of South Philadelphia. He was usually called Freddie until he adapted his mother's name, Maria Lanza, for professional purposes.

### Thrilling voice

His father, a much-decorated and totally disabled World War I veteran, who owned a fine collection of Caruso records, is credited with having stimulated Mario's interest in singing.

Night after night, father and son sat side by side thrilling

to the great tenor's unforgettable voice.

By the time he was 10, Lanza knew the plots and principal arias of 50 operas. "I was in love with grand opera and knew it like the kids on the block knew baseball," he says.

Lanza made his professional debut at a musical festival in 1942, and critics said he had few equals among the tenors of the day.

Today, in Rome, he lives in an enormous apartment which gives the impression that its architect juggled with square miles rather than square feet.

A staff of seven women runs the establishment, and when things aren't going the way Lanza thinks they should he is apt to strike a martyr's pose and cry, "Imagine it! Seven women, and I still can't get things done!"

### "A big baby"

But he will also tell you, "I'm a big baby. Caruso was a big baby. All singers are."

His wife, Betty, agrees cheerfully. "You have to buckle down to certain requirements in the life of an artist," she says.

"But there are compensations. When I'm sick, who gets coffee in bed?" She points at her beaming husband, putting up a mock defence as the four children clamber over him.

"He does," she says.



THE LANZAS AT HOME IN ROME: Mario and his wife, Betty, with (from left) children Colleen (holding dog), Elissa, Marc (on father's knee), and Damon.



IN MAKE-UP, Lanza sings the well-known "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" prologue from "I Pagliacci"—a sequence in his latest film, "For the First Time."



# Painting Inside?



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**TIME-SAVING.** You'll find that Thix spreads at a rate of a yard-a-minute faster than ordinary paints. (We've timed it in our own laboratory tests.)

**ONE-COAT.** Thix is the only true one-coat paint on the Australian market. You really load your brush or roller with this extra-

ordinary new type of paint and you put it on the wall or ceiling. Just one thing we stress: resist the natural urge to brush backwards and forwards the way you've always done with other paints. You just put Thix on any surface with one or two good strokes and move on . . . and you'll find that a roller suits Thix even better than a brush — and it's quicker, too.



**MONEY-SAVING.** Remember this. On a cost basis, one coat of high-quality Thix costs considerably less than two coats of even the cheapest ordinary paint.

Furthermore, even on new surfaces Thix requires no sealers or undercoats. Thix saves you the work of putting on two coats of paint and the money involved in all those extra gallons.

**COLOURS.** Thix is new, and so are its 19 decorator colours. Every one of them harmonises beautifully with our Revelite Full Gloss or Revelite Semi Gloss on wooden trims.

## TAUBMANS REVELITE

For doors and wood trims such as skirting boards, window frames, architraves, use Revelite Full Gloss or Revelite Semi Gloss. Use them also on walls and ceilings in kitchen, bathroom, laundry, in the hall and on woodwork throughout the house. In 23 matching colours.



## TAUBMANS THIX

For walls and ceilings in bedrooms, living room, dining room. One gallon is ample for one coat on walls and ceiling of average room, 10 ft. x 12 ft. x 9 ft. high.

# Taubmans Thix for inside

TBT87





**LEAVING** The King's School chapel are Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Miller. The bride was formerly Rosemary Fones, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fones, of Coonabarabran. Phillip is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Miller, of Cootamundra.



**RECEPTION** in honor of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll was given by the Royal Commonwealth Society and attended by more than 250 guests, including consular representatives. The Duke and Duchess were welcomed by Lady Berryman (left) and Mr. Ivan Black, president of the Royal Commonwealth Society (second right).

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS



**WEDDING** of interstate interest—Mr. and Mrs. Alex McGoldrick. The bride was formerly Deirdre Hibberson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hibberson, of Canberra. Alex is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. McGoldrick, of Ballarat, Victoria. The wedding ceremony took place at St. Christopher's, Canberra.

**THERE'LL** be a really rustic atmosphere at Sydney's Trocadero on March 24 for the first annual ball of the Broad Brimmers Committee in aid of the Far West Health Scheme and the Royal Flying Doctor Service.

The Broad Brimmers, a group of young country people, plan to decorate the ballroom with all sorts of "down on the farm" motifs.

Penelope Breakell, president, tells me that, although the committee is only newly organised, all the members are full of enthusiasm. They include secretary Judith Kater, Graham While, Michael Forster, Jane Horneman, Julie Fisher, and Lindsay Moxham.

**A HOME** at "Cunningham Plains," Harden, will be waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Huntly Reid when they return from their honeymoon. The bride was formerly Jill Davison, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Davison, of "Cunningham Plains." Huntly is the youngest son of Mrs. G. S. Reid, of Auckland, N.Z., and the late Mr. Reid.

**TWO** very small friends of mine — Philip Young and Carl Ferns — are both welcoming new baby sisters into their respective households. Philip and the month-old Belinda Cary are the son and daughter of Peter and Maxine Young; Carl and just-arrived Julie Anne are children of Basil and Margaret Ferns.

**NEWLYWEDS** Anne and Robert Naylor returned home to Coogee after a camping honeymoon down the South Coast, and are already making plans for a trip overseas as soon as Bob gains his Doctorate of Philosophy in Science. Anne is the eldest daughter of Mrs. and Mrs. Frank Shenstone, of Coogee. Bob is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Naylor, of Hobart.

**ATTRACTIVE** soprano Robin Rowland is wearing a solitaire diamond ring to mark her engagement to George Price, of Mildura. George is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Price. Robin is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Rowland, of Merrylands.

**NOVEMBER** wedding is being planned by Leonie Robilliard and Cecil Beynon. Leonie is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Robilliard, of Canley Vale, and Cecil is the younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beynon, of Haberfield.

*Anna*



**PROGRAMME SELLER** Joan Ashton chats with Mr. and Mrs. Michael Jones in the foyer of the Anzac Auditorium before the gala preview of Moira Lister's story-telling programme, "People In Love," organised by the Black and White Committee of the Royal Blind Society of N.S.W.



**TWO WILLING HELPERS** at the Germaine Rocher fashion parade in aid of the Sydney Day Nursery Association were Mrs. W. J. Smith (left) and Mrs. J. Cassidy. The new winter collection with hats by Henriette Lamotte was shown at the A.C.J. Ballroom. A special committee with Mrs. H. H. McNall as president was formed to organise the evening.



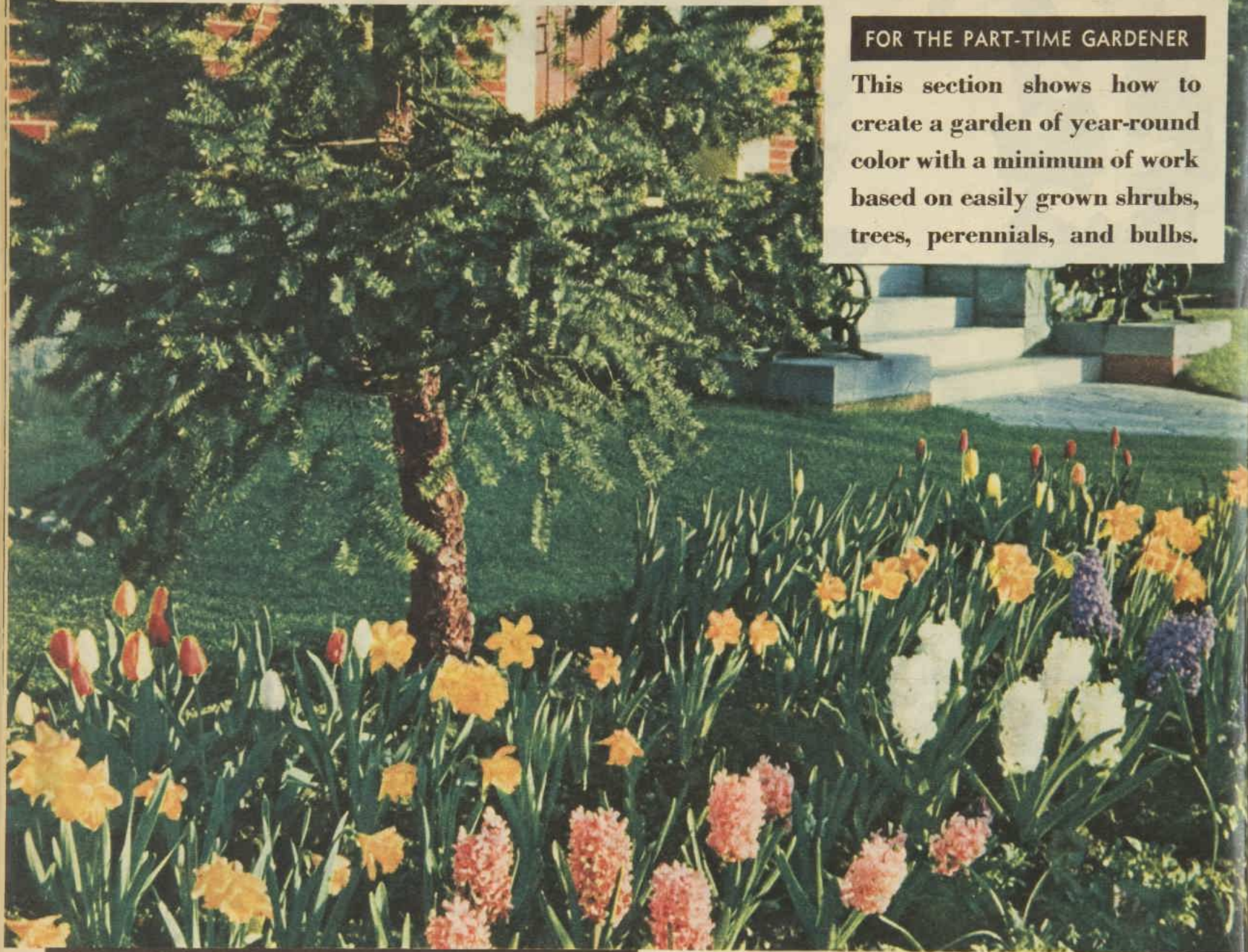
**SYDNEY VISITORS** were given a reception at Rosemont, the home of Lady Lloyd Jones (centre), president of the Sydney Symphony Orchestral Committee. The committee entertained pianist Andor Foldes (left) and Mrs. Foldes (second left), Alfred Wallenstein, maestro of Hollywood Bowl (right), and Mrs. Wallenstein.



# AN AUTUMN PROGRAMME

FOR THE PART-TIME GARDENER

This section shows how to create a garden of year-round color with a minimum of work based on easily grown shrubs, trees, perennials, and bulbs.



*MASSED, COLOR-SPLASHED BEAUTY of carefully planned bulb planting, where three colors of hyacinths are banded behind daffodils and tulips against a background of an evergreen tree and well-tended lawn.*

**THESE** can be planted from February to early April, but the earlier the better.

Choose an open, sunny position, and when buying select firm, plump bulbs and reject any that are soft and flabby. These are invariably diseased.

Hyacinths do best in a well-drained, gritty or sandy loam that contains plenty of rotted manure or vegetable matter. If only heavy soil is available, make sure it is well drained and add plenty of sand.

Plant the bulbs 4in. to 5in. deep, or the flowering shoots will be short and become soiled in wet weather or during watering.

If this occurs, and bells appear very low down in the leaf sheaths, cover with a clean flowerpot for a few days.

Water frequently, and do not let the ground dry out during windy winter spells.

The first spike of bloom is often followed by a second if the old spike is cut when the bells become shabby. Reduce water gradually after flowering, and lift the bulbs in December when the tops die off. Store for re-planting early next autumn.

**Daffodils** Plant these the same time as hyacinths, tulips, and crocuses. They need a well-protected position or late westerly gales will knock them about.

They can be planted about 7in. deep in sandy loams, but need less cover in medium and heavy loams. Good drainage is necessary, and some sand is useful in this direction. Bulbs will rot off in soil that is constantly wet.

Daffodils look insignificant planted singly. They do best in clumps of half a dozen or more, particularly in natural landscaping—planted, say, in irregular patches between trees or shrubs.

Planted this way, the bulbs may be left without disturbance for several years—making them eminently suitable to part-time gardeners. Normally, bulbs are left in the ground until the tops die off in December, then lifted and stored for about two months.

Give daffodils of all kinds fertile soil. Old stands should be topdressed now with compost, old manure, or leafmould.

**THESE** do best in high, cool country

in New South Wales but flourish in Victoria, South Australia, Tasmania, and cool parts of Western Australia.

They require a warm, well-sheltered N.E. aspect, but seem to do well anywhere out of the winds. Any but a light sandy soil suits tulips, provided it is well worked to a depth of about 10in. or 12in. They require a fair amount of lime. No fresh manure should be used.

Tulips appear to do best planted singly, 6in. apart with 6in. between rows and 6in. deep. Shallow planting causes splitting up of the bulbs. They need plenty of water and the beds should never be allowed to dry out.

Clumps of half a dozen or more make the best displays and help to support the stems in tall varieties. Massed beds of single colors planted with contrasting-colored plants, such as forget-me-nots, make magnificent showpieces.

When buying tulip bulbs, select the biggest possible, preferably those about an inch or more in diameter. Smaller bulbs are invariably offsets that may not flower for at least two years.

Lift bulbs when foliage dies off, dry, and store in an airy, cool place.

**Crocuses** Planted from February to May,

crocuses do best in high altitudes or well down in the south of Australia. Snowy areas suit them best.

If the situation and climate are suitable no special care is required. The bulbs thrive and bloom in the poorest of soils. As the bulbs are very small, they need to be sown in fairly shallow clumps of a dozen or so for the best effect.

Crocuses make good beds by themselves, or can be used for borders, margins, or sowing in grassland. The flowers are useless for cutting.

Colchicums, or meadow saffrons, are related to crocuses, and these bulbs will often flower without being planted in the ground. They do best, of course, if given a place in the garden.

The so-called autumn crocus, white, lemon-yellow, or pink in color, and known to the "trade" as zephyranthes, makes grassy clumps and should be planted during winter.

The true crocus bulbs are usually left for some years in one position, and are not disturbed until a need for breaking them up is shown by the production of smaller flowers. Crocuses are obtainable in white, yellow, gold, blue, and purple.





DAFFODILS under spreading chestnuts in the avenue of "Taihoa," home of the Scrivener family at Mt. Irvine, N.S.W.



**G**RAPE HYACINTH (*Muscari*) is one of the best-known and most colorful of the smaller spring-flowering bulbs (left).

It multiplies quickly and should not be allowed to go to seed, or it becomes troublesome in the borders.

Set corms 2in. deep and about 4in. apart. Makes a fine indoor plant when a dozen corms are planted in a 6in. pot. Does well in any soil, but needs full sunlight.

**ANEMONES** of the St. Brigid and De Caen varieties make splendid borders to other spring-flowering bulbs. They provide vivid splashes of contrasting color. Their chief enemies are frost and excessive soil dampness.

Plant in well-drained soil, adding old manure or compost. Bury 2in. deep, point down, and 6in. apart. Invaluable for cutting.



**L**ACHENALIAS, or Cape Cowslips (left), flourish in sandy or well-drained heavy loams.

The foliage is straplike, with many chocolate spots, and the flower spikes rise to about 10 inches. The bells are waxy and obtainable in several shades, yellow, yellow and red, green and red, and purple and yellow. Plant about 2in. deep this month for July flowering.

**FREESIAS** do well in open, sunny positions in frost-free districts. In very cold parts of Australia they should be grown under glass. *Freesia refracta* is the old, original white-and-apricot type. New colored varieties sold as Rainbow freesias are obtainable in a wide range of pastel colors. They, too, thrive in heavy, well-drained soil or sandy loams. A useful cut flower and very fragrant, they should be planted about 1 1/2 in. deep, 3in. apart.

**S**NOWFLAKES (*leucojum*), shown in this picture, are often confused with Snowdrops (*galanthus*), flowers of an entirely different family.

Snowdrops fail if planted in shallow holes; they need 4in. of cover, although the corms are very small. Snowflakes have large bulbs, like those of daffodils, and need 5in. to 6in. of soil cover. Both flower well in shade in well-drained but moist soil. Snowdrops do best in Tasmania or cold country. Snowflakes thrive almost anywhere.

**RANUNCULI**, another garden favorite, belong to the buttercup family. *Ranunculus Asiaticus* (Turban or Persian buttercup) and *Ranunculus superbissimus* (camellia flowered) are two of the best, and are usually sold mixed. They need very well-drained soil or the claws (small bunches of tubers) will rot off. They need full sunlight, flower in spring, and are easily raised from seed or division of the claws. Plant 2in. deep, claws down, and 10in. apart.



**S**CELLAS are commonly known as bluebells or squills. The one shown at right is *Scilla Peruviana*, oddly named, because it is a native of Algeria.

One of the most attractive is the Siberian squill, which has purplish-bluebells. The English bluebell, *Scilla nutans*, is very suitable for shady nooks in clumps in grassland or woodland. Plant all varieties 2in. deep and leave them undisturbed. The large bulb Spanish Squill (*Scilla hispanica*, or *campanulata*) needs 6in. of soil cover and some shade among shrubs. The spikes grow to about 14in. and are very lovely. Good for cutting.

**JONQUILS**, for an open, sunny position, are yellow, not white. The paper-white narcissus (*Hazetta*) and *Tazetta orientalis* (Chinese sacred lily) are often miscalled jonquils. True jonquils have narrow upstanding foliage, small bulbs, and long-stemmed small golden flowers in clusters. Plant them in clumps of 8 to 10 bulbs, 6in. apart and 3in. deep.







## Kirsch lets you sleep later in the morning

because of its S-shaped slats

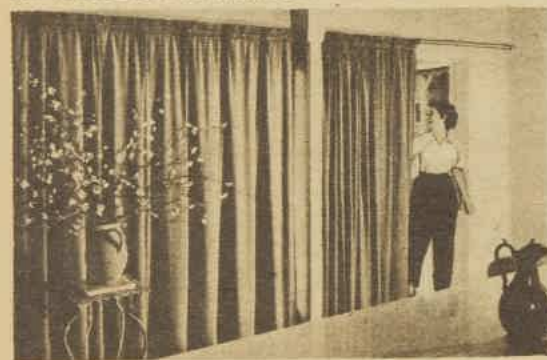
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# PERENNIALS ARE FOR PLEASURE

● The part-time gardener who wants year-round color can save a lot of work by the sensible use of perennials.

**E**VEN these plants, however, need regular attention—staking and tying, lifting, dividing, spraying, and feeding.

No lazy man ever had a garden. Gardening is work, season by season—whatever is planted.

But some of the perennials—such as those listed on these pages—will flourish without too much attention. They do not, for example, like chrysanthemums, need cutting back, lifting, dividing, and transplanting to freshly manured ground each year.

Many of them can be left undisturbed for several years—making them ideal for the would-be gardener with limited time or labor.

**SUMMER FLOWERS** *Acanthus mollis* (oyster plant) is ornamental with large leaves and flowering spikes to 4ft. Flowers mauve and whitish, and surround strong stems. Withstands frost and stands for years with only an occasional topdressing.

*Geraniums* and *pelargoniums* are easy to grow in any medium to good soil. Raised from seeds or cuttings of green wood. Let cuttings dry an hour or so after severing from parent plant or they will not take root. Need full sunlight and moist sandy loam for best results.

*Dicentra*, or bleeding heart, has bright pink drooping blossom. Does best in semi-shade. Needs deep, mellow soil. Easily raised from root cuttings about 3in. long taken in winter.

*Gaillardia grandiflora*, with gaudy red-and-yellow petals, lasts longest among perennials after cutting. They do equally well in sandy loams or heavy ground in full sunlight. The plants occupy a fair amount of space and can be grown in all States.

*Neptea musini* (catmint) makes dense, stiff hedge about 18in. high. Produces dense masses of small lavender flowers. Strongly scented foliage.

*Scabiosa caucasia* produces mauve semi-double blooms. Sprawling in habit, it produces innumerable blooms on long stems. Propagated from seed or divisions. An open, sunny position.

*Thalictrum dipterocarpum*, or lavender shower, is tall and flowers profusely over a long period if spent blooms are regularly removed. Disease and pest resistant. Plants die down in winter but reappear in spring. Good for garden and house decoration. Not fussy about soil, and lasts for years.

### SPRING FLOWERS

*Aethionema warleyensis*: Neat bushes of blue-green foliage with rosy flowers. Rarely exceeds 6in. Open, sunny position in fair soil.

*Armeria Isobel Burdett*: Rich pink blooms. Excellent 9in.-high border plant.

*Agathia*, or dwarf blue daisy: Neat shrub about 12in. Daisy-like sky-blue flowers with golden centres. Good for cutting. Sun or semi-shade. Cut back after flowering.

*Aquilegia*, better known as columbines, need protection from heat and boisterous winds. Will bloom in semi-shade of thin-foliated trees. Many colors obtainable.

*Irises*, particularly bearded types, can be left in one position for two or three years before they need lifting and breaking up. Like lime or superphosphate. The rhizomatous, thick, fleshy, rooty parts are left on the surface and only the fibrous roots buried and firmed in. Thousands of hybrids of almost every conceivable color. Flowers are honey-scented. Some, like Siberians and Japanese types, need very moist positions, the others do well in sun in well-drained soil.

*Heliotrope*: Hardy, sweetly scented. Often fails to please gardeners because neglected plants become straggly and misshapen. Cutting back fairly hard after flowering will rectify this. Easily raised from softwood cuttings in half leafmould and sand. Not fussy about soil, but requires full sunlight. Will stand for several years in one position.

*Delphiniums* (regarded in N.S.W. as biennials) are raised from seed or divisions of old crowns. In high country, spikes

**AUTUMN FLOWERS** Japanese anemones are tall, growing vigorously in spring, summer, and autumn, when they produce snowy-white or pink flowers, according to variety. Stems often 4ft. tall. White variety anemone, whirlwind, does best in shade. Will bloom for years without being disturbed. Does well in most soils. Not subject to disease or pests.

*Michaelmas daisies*, with dwarf, medium, and tall varieties, are related to the aster and often sold as perennial asters. They need lifting every three years. All colors are obtainable. Semi-shade or sun and well-drained medium soil.

*Gerberas* resent being disturbed unless absolutely necessary. Space them widely in good-quality, fertile, medium-to-heavy soil. Raised from divisions or seed. Seed should be fresh or it is difficult to germinate. Needs only a sprinkling of sieved leafmould and sand as cover.

*Penstemons* flower spring to autumn if early spikes of spent blooms are regularly removed. They grow to 2ft., become clumpy after a few years, but flower generously unless overcrowded. Cut back and remove outer growth if space is limited. Strike easily from root cuttings, divisions, or seeds. Many fine colors.

**WINTER FLOWERS** *Kniphofias* bloom through summer and autumn and well into winter. Related to pineapple and has spiky foliage. Clumps rarely need interference unless grown too close together. Propagate from divisions.

*Saxifraga cordifolia*, or My Lady of the Snows, is a low-grower with large leathery leaves and fragrant pink flowers that last well after cutting. Raised mainly from divisions made after flowering in June-July.

*Helleborus orientalis* blooms in mid-winter and often well into spring. A low-growing plant with ornamental foliage and peculiar purplish flowers in clusters. Poisonous but attractive. Needs cool, acid soil and is a lime hater.

*Mesembryanthemums*, or fig-marigolds, are among the most valuable perennials. They respond to good treatment in nearly all States. In frosty, cold areas they must be wintered in a cool, well-ventilated glasshouse. In pots they should be given a light, dry, gritty soil and excellent drainage. They do extremely well in Sydney and along the coast. There are upright, sprawling, and trailing varieties, varying from snow-white, pale pink, shell-pink, red, red with creamy centre, bright yellow, orange, maroon, and purple. Some foliage is silvery. They flower in spring, summer, and autumn and a few bloom in winter. Ideal for hiding rough walls or rockwork and require little care once established.

*Gazanias* consist of about 40 species and hybrids. The rather narrow leaves exude a milky substance when broken off. All do well in sandy loam with some humus and sun. Propagate from seeds and divisions after flowering.

*Garland flower* (*Hedychium coronarium*), or ginger lily, has tall, canna-like foliage and extremely fragrant cream or yellow flowers. Requires rich soil in frost-free area and plenty of water. Sandy soils should be bolstered up with well-rotted manure. Propagated from root cuttings when the foliage dies down.

will often reach 6ft. or more. Colors vary from snow-white to pink, pale and dark blue, and many combinations with purple and red. Like lime and do best in well-protected positions. Tall plants need staking and tying.

*Cheiranthus allionii*, or perennial wallflower: Sweetly scented. Grows easily from seeds or cuttings to about 2ft. 6in. and up to 3ft. across. Flowers are rich purple and chestnut-brown, fading as they age to cream. Rarely lasts more than three years, but requires little attention.

*Pyrethrums* grow like marguerites into shrubby plants 3ft. or more. Flowers are mostly crimson, puce-pink, scarlet, and white. Open, sunny, well-drained position and staked. Valuable for cutting. Plants last about three years before needing replacement with seedlings or rooted cuttings.

*Polyanthus* and *primroses*, usually sown from seed in late summer, flower for months in late winter and spring. Do best protected from strong spring sunshine. They like acid soil and are lime haters.

*Alyssum saxatile*, a perennial form of white Sweet Alice (*Alyssum maritimum*). Flowers are bright yellow. Useful in rockeries or borders, but also a fine pot plant.

*Angelica archangelica*, white-flowered, needs a moist position. Flower spikes grow to 4ft. with large and ornamental foliage. An open, sunny position.

*Anthemis* has scented and pyrethrum-like foliage. Flowers of variety alba are white, Santi-Johannis yellow on 18in. stems, and tinctoria golden-yellow—a trailing variety. Stands for years in one position.





• **RUSSELL LUPINS** are hybrids and obtainable in a wonderful range of colors. Need an open, sunny position and well-drained, fertile soil. Can be raised from seeds or divided crowns. Seed-raised plants are unreliable, as they often revert.



• **KNIPHOFIA UVARIA**, also known as tritoma or red-hot poker. A hardy perennial, often 3ft. high. Does well in hot, dry areas, but will thrive in mountainous areas where snow falls. Not fussy as to soil. Divide about every 10 years.

## There's no such thing as a lazy man's garden

### FOR THE PART-TIME GARDENER

**N**ONE of the perennials mentioned on these pages will interfere with paths, foundations, or drains. They can all be grown within three or four feet of house walls. The shade-lovers mentioned specifically are suitable for planting under trees or on the shady side of walls or fences. Aspect has been specified in most cases. Where aspect has not been specified the plants can be set out in full sunlight with safety.



• **SPANISH IRIS**, a good border mixer. Spring-flowering, bulbous type with grassy leaves; thrives in any good soil. Lift every year. Gives good cut flowers.



• **DIANTHUS BARBATUS**, or Sweet William. It is a biennial that should be divided and transplanted every two years. Good in most soils. Sow seeds now.



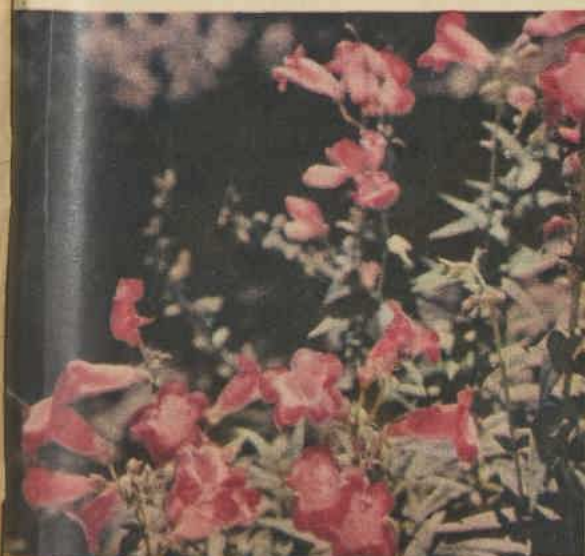
**ANTHURIUM SCHERZERIANUM** (above) enjoys heat and humidity. Known commonly as the Flamingo Flower. Divide in spring every four years.

**PENTSTEMONS** (left), for rockeries or borders, grow to 3ft. and flower in warm climates nearly all year. Any soil.

**IMPATIENS**, or balsams (right). Require a rich sandy loam, ample moisture, some shade, and plenty of room.



• **MESEMBRYANTHEMUMS**, or fig-marigolds, useful for rockeries, smothering banks, low walls. Not fussy about soil, from Melbourne to the far north.





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# NEED YOU HAVE A LANDSCAPE GARDEN?

● Gardening can be a soothing and enjoyable hobby provided your garden is not so elaborately laid out that it demands a great deal of work to keep it up to the "landscape" standard of the man next door.

MUCH of the work, in such circumstances, is not real gardening, and may be very irksome to a man who has dreamed of the garden as a place to laze in the shade with a pipe and a book.

Admittedly, some such men have transferred their allegiance from book and pipe to one of the many makes of motor mowers, and in consequence are to be seen steadily walking up and down after it instead of sitting in a deckchair!

However, the man next door to me has no mower at all, for the simple reason that he hasn't a lawn. His is a garden of little leaf-covered tracks running through thickets of small trees and shrubs, and it is very delightful.

There is always something coming into flower, or turning color, or producing a crop of fruit or berries, and although a lover of specimen plants would not like it, I think that perhaps most other people do.

This garden had a rather unusual beginning. Unable to resist all the plants they had always longed to have, they decided to have a nursery garden and just to plant in rows any plant they brought home or that had been given to them.

No walking round wondering where they would put "IT." Into the row it went, regardless of what went before. Now that the garden is grown, only occasionally can you detect the original rows.

Of course, some of the plants did not survive, but that did not matter.

In fact, it was rather a good thing. It made the achievement of the tracks easier and more interesting.

And in some of the spaces the removal of a few extra plants has provided room for some seats and a table. In one space there is a sculptured head on a simple pillar. In another, a reflecting pool.

Then there was the garden that could never be described as a landscape garden by the widest stretch of imagination, but one full of surprises and ideas.

The ideas did not come out of anyone's head; they came out of a truckload of sandy loam!

Inspired by the sight of plants of the scarlet Running Postman and the young seedling of Wedding Bush that were coming through, the owners abandoned their preconceived ideas, sat back, and waited for more native plants to appear.

In time, the garden had all the appearance of a piece of natural heathland, and it created much more interest and needed a good deal less work than the conventional gardens of their neighbors.

That some people "weren't impressed" didn't disturb the owners one bit. THEY liked it, and that was the main thing . . . besides, they liked to be different.

A garden that I remember that was not a landscape garden must have been like the old monastery gardens, where flowers, vegetables, herbs, and fruits all grew happily together.

In this garden there were just beds and paths. And although it was a rather formal arrangement of long, narrow borders, you were not aware of it because there was no formality about the planting. It was just a beautiful jumble of flowers, carrots, parsley, fruit trees, raspberry canes, climbing roses on poles and beams; in fact, everything that a good housekeeper could possibly require from a garden.

Thyme and violets kept the earth back from the paths, and because they thought they would take up so little groundspace, a member of the family had brought home some standard roses. It was a bright idea, for it gave them more roses where there was certainly no room for bush roses.

There was a little grass (no one ever



IN THE WOODLAND GARDEN of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Beattie, Toorak (Vic.), apple trees frame a sculptured figure and shade the path which runs through a roseberry hedge with a kurume azalea among dianthus and thyme edging the flags.

called it a lawn). It was under an old apple tree where everyone liked to sit, so "Father" brought home an old lawn mower and kept the grass down with that.

It was never really wet, because it was never really watered. It got a little freshening up now and then in the summer by an occasional flick with the hose when someone was watering the lettuces or something.

Of course, this garden smelt very nice because there were pinks smelt there, for one thing. Oh! and jasmine somewhere about. I looked around and found it scrambling over an old shed. And how right that shed was in that lovable garden.

For factories, schools, and other extensive buildings, the landscape-designed garden will probably always provide the best way to maintain sprawling grounds.

Power motors have made the trimming of extensive lawns so expeditious that the maintenance of a green sward of grass planted with shade trees is the most pleasant and practical way to handle such projects.

All that is required in the way of labor is an untrained man to guide the mower. He need not know anything about gardening.

With private gardens it is different. If, for instance, the owner is a keen gardener, a large area of lawn, on which much time, fertiliser, top-dressing, water, and expensive machinery must be expended, is a waste of the good earth and his capabilities.

To have a good garden (that is, one in which as much as possible of family requirements is grown) is something to be really proud of.

And it is not as easy to produce and maintain as a landscape garden . . . the

chief requirement of which now almost boils down to a good motor mower and a sound pair of legs to follow it.

On steep sites a landscape garden is out of the question. The query then might be "Need we have terraces?" and the answer would probably be "Yes, but they need not be dull and unimaginative."

Simply to "step" the garden down, or up, is not worth the labor and expense involved.

If any kind of terracing is contemplated, thoughtful planning is most necessary; and generally a single, wide terrace is better than a series of fussy little retaining walls appearing all over the sloping landscape.

The intervening area between the boundary fence and the one retaining wall, which may be fairly high,

of course, need not be elaborately treated. A single track winding over this area may be all that is necessary. In some gardens, even that may be superfluous.

Finally, instead of a landscape garden, what about a herb garden? So many herbs have delightful flowers; the common sage with its purple flowers, for instance, and the dainty little savory, which has tiny white flowers all along the stalks in summer.

Among the herbs can be planted all the herbaceous perennials, such as perennial phlox, perennial asters (Michaelmas daisies), pentstemons—lots of interesting species of these—milfoil, both the white and cerise forms.

And instead of lawn in any open areas there can be crushed rock or coarse sand, with low benches and tables scattered about for meals out of doors.

Yes, I think it might have been the sound of the motor mowers on this otherwise peaceful Sunday morning that set me off!



A GRAVEL PATH leads on to a charming grassy glade running through moss-covered boulders. This garden, originally owned by Mrs. H. Darling, Toorak (Vic.), was demolished in a recent subdivision.



# THE PRINCIPAL PLANTS

FOR THE PART-TIME GARDENER

By our gardening writer,  
REG EDWARDS

● The gardens of too many Australian homes are, for much of the year, uninspiring and dull. Sydney has a suburban rash of indiscriminately planted hydrangeas and pencil pines that typifies the monotony.

**D**ULL gardens are usually produced by gardeners who cannot or will not plan beyond a few well-known trees and shrubs.

After all, every shrub has a value for some particular use or place, but if planted without regard for position, harmony, and color pleasing results can hardly be expected.

Before selecting shrubs and trees for autumn and winter planting, consider the site, whether high or low, exposure, whether open to sunlight and air or subject to degrees of shade.

Consider soil texture, too. Light and very sandy soil will hold water poorly and be a poor medium for any sort of plant life.

Heavy and clayey soil probably will be poorly drained, necessitating deep digging, the laying of rubble drains or horticultural pipes, and the addition of sand and decayed manure or compost.

Measure the land and allow for expansion of the number of shrubs or trees you intend to buy. The space to be filled determines the proportion of dwarf, medium, or large species you can grow.

When planting, dig big holes and break up any hardpan or solid material found about 10 inches below the surface.

Manure the subsoil or hardpan. Bone dust is usually a safe substitute for manure.

Evergreens dislike being planted

in very cold weather, and deciduous (leaf losing) species dislike being transplanted except when leafless.

Examine the roots of newly acquired shrubs and trees before planting. Measure them and see that the hole is wide enough to take them without cramping.

Tall varieties should be staked and tied after being planted. Fill the hole in with good-quality topsoil, tread in lightly, and water each few shovelfuls to assure that soil is moist the full depth.

Finally, firm well and leave a shallow, saucer-shaped depression for subsequent watering.

Never plant a tree close to the house unless it is an upright conifer. Make sure that it will not eventually reach the eaves, push up under the roof, or entangle electric light and telephone wires.

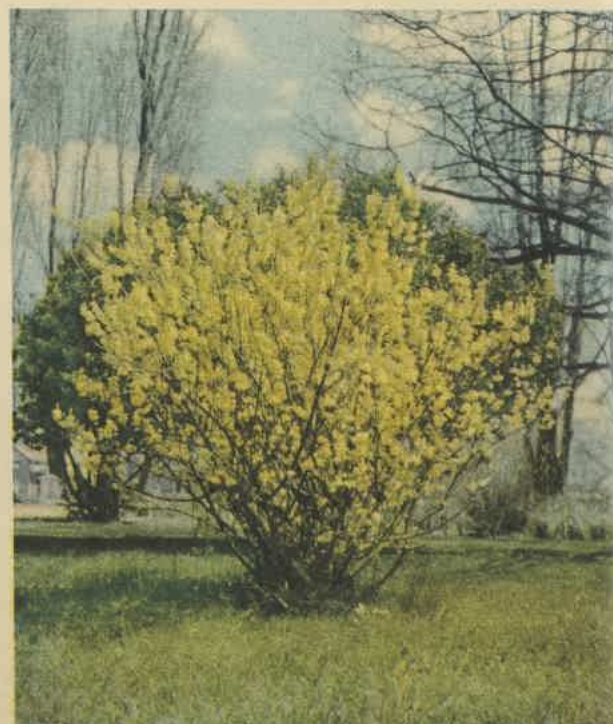
Twenty to thirty feet away is usually sufficient for most trees, but rampant growers, such as camphor laurels, many gums, pepper trees, coral trees, most native figs, oaks, elms, pines (particularly Norfolk Island), pittosporums, cypresses, and willows can cause endless trouble to sewerage pipes.

Broadly speaking, evergreen and deciduous trees fall into two divisions, columnar and spreading. Tall trees such as many of the eucalypts should be given a back position, with lower trees such as liquidambar, birches, oaks, maples, and others spaced well in front.



**JAPANESE MAPLES** make a gorgeous display of color in autumn in cooler climates. Above is a variety of *Acer septemlobum*, or the seven-lobed maple. The foliage is suffused with red when young, afterwards green, and finally turns a brilliant red before falling. This variety is *Osakazuki*, the most brilliantly colored variety of all Japanese maples. These trees grow to varying heights, depending on soil, climate, and treatment through growth.

**FORSYTHIA INTERMEDIA SPECTABILIS**, a lovely shrub with golden flowers in winter and spring, is more suited to the mountains and southern cooler climates, although it blooms well on the high parts of Sydney's North Shore. A deciduous shrub, it produces a beautiful effect in very early spring, when the long leafless branches are crowded with yellow flowers like golden bells from end to end.







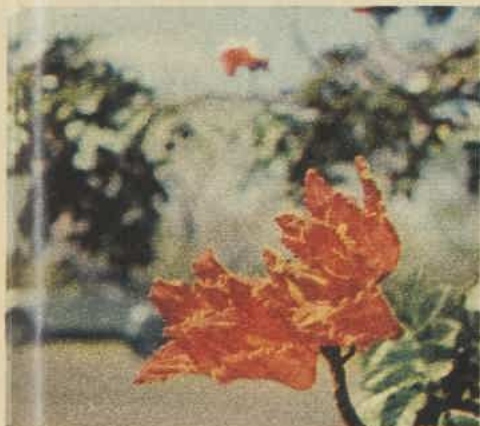
THE WHEEL-TREE, or fire-tree (*Stenocarpus sinuatus*), has large, bright red or orange flowers arranged in wheel-like clusters. Does best in well-drained soil.



PYRUS MALUS (variety *Floribunda hilarii*), a semi-double crab-apple. This rather low-growing (to about 15ft.) attractive tree needs about 30ft. of space.



CULTIVATED shrubs and natural trees are carefully blended to make this charming garden corner. *Eupatoriums* and *yuccas* are banked up against a maple (left), and native *eucalypts*, which were part of the original bushland, form a natural background.



SPATHODEA CAMPANULATA, or West African tulip tree. One of the most spectacular flowering trees for warmer districts. Grows to 70ft., depending upon the climate and position. Protect from strong winds.



GARDENIA GLOBOSA, a tall evergreen shrub bearing bell-shaped creamy flowers unlike any other members of the gardenia family. Very fragrant. Subject to white wax and red scale attack.



CAPE CHESTNUT tree (*Calodendron capense*) is a magnificent summer-flowering tree for big gardens, reaching 25ft. or more. Protect from frost. Seedlings take about ten years to bloom.



SENECIO DORONICUM (leopard's-bane), hardy eight-foot herbaceous perennial with heads of orange-yellow flowers, 21 inches or more across. Easy to grow in good loamy soil. Propagated by seeds, cuttings, or division. Should be pruned after flowering.



CASSIA MULTIJUGA, a tree from tropical British Guiana, grows to 25ft. and bears creamy-yellow flower spikes at the end of branches followed by long seedpods. This tree is a quick though rather untidy grower, and is usually raised from seeds.

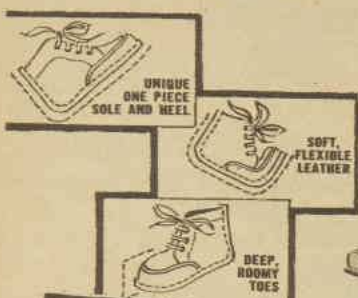


HIBISCUS MUTABILIS, a deciduous form of this lovely shrub. The double blooms are white at first, turning red as they age. A fairly robust shrub to 8 or 9ft. It is raised easily from cuttings, and will grow well from Rockhampton to Melbourne.



**"NO, I WON'T  
TAKE OFF  
MY  
JUMPING-JACKS"**

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SHOES FOR CHILDREN  
FROM 6 MONTHS TO 4 YEARS

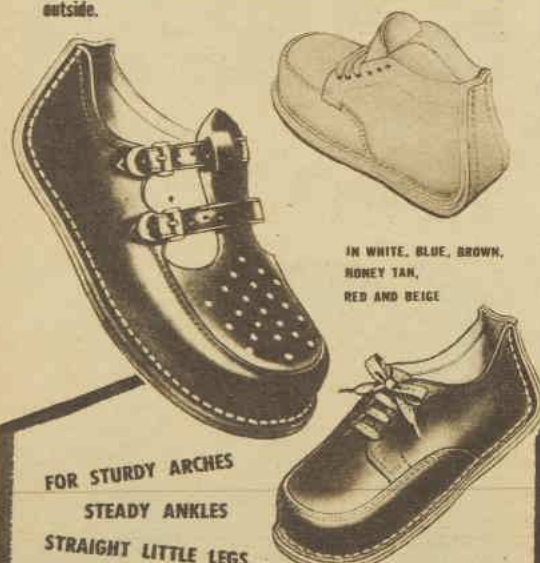


**"JUMPING-JACKS"**  
FLEXIBLE SHOES FOR HARD WEAR  
by SAXONE

How many bones are there in your child's feet? 52 of them, and all tiny... 52 GOOD REASONS FOR "JUMPING-JACKS"

Most children are born with perfect feet, but a recent survey shows that by the time they reach the age of 10, 50% have developed foot defects! "Jumping-Jacks" will ensure that your child has good feet... right from the first walking moment. "Jumping-Jacks" are not a scaled-down version of a grown-up's shoe. They're a completely new kind of shoe... the greatest advance in children's shoes in 50 years! They're designed to promote natural growth... to cater for the development of those 52 little bones... to encourage correct standing and walking.

"Jumping-Jacks" are now made here by Saxone... and so perfectly made, smooth and soft inside, flexible and sturdy outside.



IN WHITE, BLUE, BROWN,  
HONEY TAN,  
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FOR STURDY ARCHES  
STEADY ANKLES  
STRAIGHT LITTLE LEGS

**"JUMPING-JACKS"**

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AT SHOE STORES WHERE THEY REALLY CARE

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## Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

AS the mother of three school-age children I have regularly attended the monthly inspection of school-work in their classrooms. I have been amply rewarded for what is sometimes an interruption in a busy day by my children's pleasure at my arrival. If only some of the mothers who rarely or never come could see their children's anxious faces as they watch the door, then I am sure they would make the effort to take some interest. As it is, I stay longer than anticipated, looking at schoolmates' books which are proudly thrust into my hands. Surely it is their own mothers who should be sharing in this happy moment.

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. M. Harris, Parkholme, S.A.

ONE often hears how ungrateful and selfish the younger generation is. Well, I must be very lucky. I have five daughters at home—aged 23 to seven. They fight, admittedly, but soon forget it, and they are very thoughtful. My husband and I celebrated an anniversary recently, and the girls gave us a night out, and it's not the first time. But no wonder they are what they are—I have a wonderful husband, and my wish is that they all marry someone like him and be as happy as their mother.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Newton, North Ryde, N.S.W.

SCIENCE has advanced to the stage where surgeons may sew wounds with stitches which dissolve when no longer required. Surely butchers could do better than sew corned beef with string! Sliced corned beef is sold with a piece of string in every slice. Why not use a thread which is palatable and digestible instead of string, which must be surreptitiously ejected to the side of the plate if you are fortunate enough to detect it before it is swallowed.

10/6 to Mrs. Alan Thomas, Malvern, Vic.

A CORRESPONDENT to your paper complains petulantly about man's discourtesy to women. Yet women want to be man's equal: they demand equal pay, equal conditions; they have an equal right to smoke, and frequently do so on public buses, to the discomfort of non-smoking men. As far as I'm concerned they've got an equal right to stand up when the bus is crowded, too.

10/6 to John Adamson, Gunnedah, N.S.W.

I HAVE one child, not planned but none-the-less loved. People tell me I am selfish in not trying to have a second child, but am I really? What right have I to willingly bring a child into such a world of turmoil? I live in constant fear of wars to take my loved ones or bombs we know not how terrible. There is also the constant worry of enough money to go around to properly feed and clothe a family. Am I so selfish?

10/6 to "Realist" (name supplied), Mount Claremont, W.A.

WOULD anyone with experience on tried lines for conducting a Sunday school help me? I am a Methodist, and want suggestions for a Sunday school for boys and girls aged from three to eight—especially ideas for the anniversary service. I would also like ideas for party games for teenagers, to be played in a church hall.

Sent in by Mrs. T. Young, 1 Bellevue Rd., Belmont, N.S.W.

THE following readers have asked for used Christmas and birthday cards:

Miss Valerie Whitehead, Box 53, P.O., Lockhart, N.S.W.  
Mrs. W. Beltz, 4 Hill St., West Hobart, Tas.  
Helen Stephenson, 54 Severn St., North Balwyn, Vic.  
Mrs. Roy McLaren, Edith Creek, N.W. Coast, Tas.  
Mrs. V. M. Nix, 2 Fellowes St., Merewether W., Newcastle, N.S.W.

### Chain letters

WORSE than chain letters deplored by Mrs. J. Oakes (7/1/59) are those postal horrors styled "clubs." They demand, in the name of good sport, humanity, or drastic luck changes, that one should forward tea-towels, handkerchiefs, or cards to the names and addresses given. Naturally, promises made in these spurious epistles are never honored. As one can understand, children are the chief victims of these confidence tricksters. My advice—burn the lot!

10/6 to Mrs. Kathleen Johnston, Miles, Qld.

### Family affairs

I HAD difficulty persuading my five-and-a-half-year-old son to do even the most elementary tasks about the house. So now I have opened a notebook called "Terry's Helping Book," in which I record any little chore done to help me during the day next to the appropriate date. The book is shown to Daddy each week with great pride, and we intend leaving it out for Father Christmas to see. Now I find my son suggesting more jobs each day, and even his younger brother, aged three, is wanting to do similar tasks to get his name in the book.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Webb, Devonport, Tas.

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

## Ross Campbell writes...

### WHAT happened to wash- erwomen?

I was putting some shirts in the washing machine—I was baching at the time—when it struck me that washerwomen were extinct.

Probably thousands of teen persons have never seen one.

There were plenty of them when I was a boy.

The washerwoman came on Mondays. She was a battered, energetic lady who stood beside the steaming copper poking the clothes fiercely with a stick.

There was none of this "gentle tumbling action" about her. She gave the clothes curry.

She used hefty bars of yellow soap (no flakes or powder) and ancient gadgets like the mangle and the washboard, which is now found mostly in jazz bands.

She was often a lively talker, too. We had a washerwoman named Mrs. Bunting, who got words mixed up. On windy days she used to say: "It's them auctioneering gales," meaning equinoctial gales.

Washerwomen usually had tragic life-stories, which they told my

### WASHED OUT

mother over cups of tea. My mother would sometimes pass on interesting details to us.

A woman I remember well was Mrs. Smithson. She had a habit, which irritated my mother, of taking her shoes off and resting her stockings feet on the wall by the



kitchen fireplace while she had her tea.

Mrs. Smithson came from the north of England, and her father had been a drunkard.

In her childhood she had no toys except a china doll, to which she was very devoted. One night, she said, her father hurled the china

doll at the wall and smashed it to pieces.

My brothers and sister and I were very upset when we heard about Mrs. Smithson's broken doll. In fact, we cried.

I suppose washerwomen became extinct because of the washing machine. Or perhaps washing machines were invented because washerwomen were extinct.

The washing machine is a wonderful thing. But it makes mistakes sometimes, like tearing a pound note of mine to bits when it was left in a shirt pocket. Mrs. Smithson wouldn't have done that.

To show how times have changed, I think an old-time laundry should be set up in one of our museums.

It could have a wood-fire copper, tubs, a mangle, wringer, and washboard, and a statue of Mrs. Smithson up to her elbows in suds.

I was going to say I hoped those battered, brave souls like her had washing machines in their old age. But they probably wouldn't approve of them, and would stick to hand washing.

For them, while there was life there was soap.



# Singing in the shrouds

By **NGAIO MARSH**

ILLUSTRATED BY  
BOOTHROYD



## Second instalment of our dramatic new serial

A FEW minutes after the freighter *Cape Infanta* sailed from the London docks en route to South Africa, the body of a girl delivering flowers to the ship was found in a dark passageway on the wharf. She had been strangled, her necklet of beads broken, and white hyacinths scattered across her chest. In her hand she clutched a torn fragment of a passengers' embarkation ticket. The murder fits into the pattern followed by "The Flower Murderer," who has already committed two other murders. Convinced that the murderer must be aboard, SUPERINTENDENT RODERICK ALLEYN, of Scotland Yard, boards the ship. He is to be introduced to the passengers as Mr. Broderick, a cousin of a chairman of the shipping company.

Alleyn realises his task will be difficult when he meets antagonism on the part of CAPTAIN BANNERMAN, who refuses to believe there is a murderer among the crew or passengers. The latter are MRS. DILLINGTON-BLICK, a fat, handsome woman; a draper, MR. CUDDY, and his wife; MISS KATHERINE ABBOTT, a spinster unhappy because her oldest friend intends to marry; PHILIP MERRYMAN, a retired schoolteacher; FATHER CHARLES JOURDAIN, a sympathetic, scholarly priest; BRIGID CARMICHAEL, a pretty girl who has been jilted; AUBYN DALE, a commercial TV celebrity recovering from a nervous breakdown; DONALD McANGUS, a fussy old bachelor. The passengers' steward is DENNIS, and the ship's doctor, TIM MAKEPIECE, is at once attracted to Brigid. NOW READ ON:

THE Cape Company is a cargo line. The fact that six of its ships afford accommodation for nine passengers each does not in any way modify the essential function of the company. It merely postulates that in the case of these six ships there shall be certain accommodation.

There will also be a chief steward without any second string, a bar-and-passenger steward, and an anomalous offside who may be discovered by the passengers polishing the taps in their cabins at unexpected moments. The business of housing, feeding, and, within appropriate limits, entertaining the nine passengers is determined by the head office and then becomes part of the captain's many concerns.

On the whole, Captain Bannerman preferred to carry no passengers, and always regarded them as potential trouble-makers. When, however, somebody of Mrs. Dillington-Blick's calibre appeared in his ship, his reaction corresponded punctually with that of ninety per cent. of all other males whom she encountered. He gave orders that she should be placed at his table (which, luckily, was all right, anyway, because she carried V.I.P. letters), and until Alleyn's arrival had looked forward to the voyage with the liveliest anticipation of pleasurable interludes. He was, he considered, a young man for his age.

Aubyn Dale he also took at his table, because Dale was famous and Captain Bannerman felt that in a way he would be battering Mrs. Dillington-Blick by presenting her with a number

one personality. Now he decided, obscurely and resentfully, that Alleyn also would be an impressive addition to the table.

The rest of the seating he left to his chief steward, who gave the Cuddys and Mr. Donald McAngus to the first mate, whom he disliked; Brigid Carmichael and Dr. Makepiece to the second mate and the wireless officer, of whom he approved; and Miss Abbott, Father Jourdain, and Mr. Merryman to the chief engineer, towards whom his attitude was neutral.

This, the first luncheon on board, was also the first occasion at which the senior ship's officers, with the exception of those on duty, were present. At a long table in a corner sat a number of young men presenting several aspects of adolescence and all looking a trifle sheepish. These were the electrical and engineering junior officers and the cadets.

Alleyn arrived first at the table and was carefully installed by the captain's steward. The Cuddys, already seated hard by, settled down to a good long stare, and so, more guardedly, did Mr. McAngus. Mrs. Cuddy's burning curiosity manifested itself in a dead-pan glare, which was directed intermittently at the objects of her interest. Its mechanics might be said to resemble those of a lighthouse whose different frequencies

To page 38

Mr. McAngus smiled over the top of the hyacinths and bowed to Mrs. Dillington-Blick while Aubyn, Brigid, and Tim watched in amusement.



## NEW ARRID ROLL-ON

a new lotion  
deodorant with lanolin...



New Arrid lotion deodorant with lanolin rolls protection into all the pores... rolls away perspiration odour. Easy-to-apply Arrid lotion keeps your underarms soft, sweet and dry—without

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New Arrid Roll-on—in the bottle with the ball on top. At all cosmetic counters... 7/6.

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Fragrant, refreshing.

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# FRIENDLY GESTURE

THE girl was like a flash of sunshine on that grey spring morning. She was the first daffodil, the first exciting promise of warmth to come. Martin flung up his window, put his head out, then had to restrain himself from calling to her. One did not shout out of windows at completely strange young women, even though in some peculiar way one recognised them as a necessary and authentic part of one's future.

But there was one thing that could be done, and that was to observe the girl's destination. To Martin's satisfaction she entered a building almost opposite Aunt Laura's house. By hanging a little farther out of the window he could read the lettering on the plate at the door. It read: "The Friendly Society." But more than that he could not decipher. He resolved to explore immediately after breakfast.

With the anticipation of the pleasurable tracking down and pursuit of a new, extremely attractive girl on his mind he was a somewhat absent-minded breakfast companion. Aunt Laura, however, was even more absent-minded. She kept "tut-tutting" over the morning paper and Martin vaguely heard muttered remarks such as "The robbers!" "The treacherous scoundrels!"

"Darling, don't worry about the political situation," he said cheerfully. "It always has been with us and always will be. Let's talk about spring mornings and pretty girls."

"Martin, I have told you before it's high time you took your mind off pretty girls and got a job."

"Yes, Aunt, dear, I know. But—"

"This time there is no 'but.' And, if you want to know, I was not reading the political situation but the share market. It's more than disastrous."

"Darling, let your broker worry about that. Tell me, what is The Friendly Society?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

Martin looked at the well-groomed grey head of his aunt, bent over the newspaper, in exasperation.

"Since you live directly opposite it, surely you must know."

"Oh, you mean those offices over the road?" Aunt Laura's eyes were still vague with some other problem. "That's quite an amusing place. They do anything at all for you."

"Such as what?" Martin murmured, seeing again the light, graceful figure of the fair-headed girl.

"Well, like getting you pedigree Alsations, or taking you for a day's tour of London, or shopping for aged uncles. That sort of thing."

"Do they personally take you on these sightseeing trips?" Martin inquired with interest.

"I imagine so. Their staff is hand-picked. I remember a most diplomatic young lady meeting your grandmother at Euston once when no one else was available. And you know what she was like after a long journey."

"I do, indeed," Martin murmured, seeing himself at the top of St. Paul's, with the fair-headed girl beside him, her hair blowing back from her head in a pale yellow scarf.

"But, Martin, that isn't the sort of job I was suggesting for you. Having your degree—"

"I wasn't talking of a job, dear Aunt," Martin said, and, having discovered all he needed to know, tactfully changed the subject back to stocks and shares.

What should he make his request? A guide to show him, a visitor from the Farthest East, London? An object which would take many weeks and many visits from him to locate? Or simply a theatre and dinner companion for, say, the next two weeks? (Two weeks had always been the maximum time it took him to fall in love or decide that he was not going to fall in love.)

Isobel, of course, would be a complication to the last proposition. Isobel had been around for more than the regulation two weeks, and one still wasn't sure... Perhaps it would be safer to simply require a basenji puppy, born on the first of April...

It was disappointing, to say the least, to be received by an angular grey-haired woman and shown to the desk of an equally elderly colleague, who smiled in a welcoming way and said, "In what way can I help you?"

Martin looked down the long, narrow room rather wildly. Suddenly, at the far end, he saw the girl, her fair head bent over a typewriter. There was a printed notice on her desk. It read: "Flats."

He turned back to the grey-haired woman, giving his charming, persuasive smile.

"I'm looking for a flat."

"Oh, then it's Miss Marsh you must see. The young lady at the other end of the room. She will help you."

Martin made his way towards the fair head that shone like a candle in the dark.

"Good morning," he said. "I wonder if you can help me."

The girl looked up. She had wide-set, dark-blue eyes. Her nose was quite small, her skin apple-blossom. She completely fulfilled the promise Martin had glimpsed from Aunt Laura's upstairs window.

"But certainly," she was saying. "Sit down. You want a flat, I presume? How many bedrooms?"

"Oh—er—one, I should think."

"One-bedroom flats are difficult. Actually, a bed-sitter would be much easier. Would you be content with that if we can't find anything else?"

Martin considered.

"Let's try for the other sort first, shall we?"

The girl was already looking up her files.

"There's one here in Sloane Square. That's rather expensive. Oh, and I see they want middle-aged or elderly people." Briefly her eyes flicked over Martin, rejecting his aggressive youth. "Here's one in Bayswater. It has two bedrooms, two reception. A little large, I should think. Are you alone?"

"Quite alone," said Martin wistfully.

"Then it's a bachelor sort of thing you want. They aren't easy to get. This one is in Cromwell Road; living-room, kitchen, bathroom, semi-basement. Would you object to basement?"

"It isn't my ideal method of living."

"I agree. But one doesn't keep ideals of that kind long in London. Are you a stranger here?"

He thought it wise not to tell her that he had just come up from Oxford, that he was kicking his heels a little before





# Suddenly he really needed help . . . a story by DOROTHY EDEN

getting the job that Aunt Laura was urging him to find.

"Almost," he said, trying to look countrified.

The girl's eyes flicked over him again. They remained enigmatic.

"I see. Now, what about this—bed-sitting room, kitchen, use of bathroom. One would need to know how many one shared the bathroom with, of course."

"Look," Martin said, "you know the ropes about this sort of thing. Would you come with me to look at some of these places?"

The girl's eyebrows lifted.

"It isn't usual for us to do that. We simply telephone and arrange for you to view."

"I know, but I'm a natural prey to landladies. I find myself agreeing to all sorts of impossible rules. I—well, I guess I just need your help."

The girl wavered. "Well, perhaps—one or two of the closer ones."

"We'll take a taxi," said Martin, rejecting the thought of his Bentley parked outside Aunt Laura's house opposite.

"That's all putting up the cost of your first week's rent," the girl said, getting up. Then she smiled with sudden warmth and friendliness. "Perhaps you think it's worth it, to get the right flat."

In the taxi she leaned back and looked at Martin with a more personal interest.

"What is your job?" she asked.

"I'm a law clerk," Martin said.

"And you're studying in your spare time?"

"Yes," Martin said.

"Then we must keep that in mind. A quiet room. And you mustn't mind my saying this, but I do have some idea of the wage of a law clerk. So we'll keep that in mind, too."

"That's awfully good of you," Martin said.

"What is your name?"

"Miss Marsh."

"I know that one. Your first name?"

"I hardly think that concerns you, Mr.—"

"Neville. Martin Neville. And it does concern me."

The girl moved a little away from him, but almost instantly the taxi, turning a corner,

swung her back against him. Inevitably she began to laugh.

"It's Kate," she said. "But why I should tell you—"

"It's a friendly gesture," said Martin. "I like your hair. And the way you walk. Now, don't get annoyed. Telling you that is also a friendly gesture. I say, are we there already?"

"About time, too," Kate said dryly. "Do you want a flat or not?"

"Indeed I do."

"Then let's concentrate on that, shall we?"

Martin had never before engaged in the business of flat-hunting. He had been accustomed, when not at Oxford, to living in comfort and luxury with Aunt Laura, or to spending weekends with friends in the country in equal luxury. He looked in complete dismay at the first flat they were shown, which was reached by a flight of steep basement steps and comprised a large, dampish room, sparsely furnished, and a chilly kitchen which contained the bath.

"This," said Kate, with what seemed to Martin the wildest optimism, "could be made quite attractive. You'd have to paint it, of course, to make it seem warmer, and put in lighting that looks like daylight. I'd suggest some ivy—but you don't like it?"

That was a mild way of expressing his aversion.

"I don't want to exaggerate, Kate, dear, but wouldn't it be a little like living in a tomb?" He tapped the stone floor significantly.

Kate laughed. "You have to be imaginative about these places. But all right. Let's go."

The next place went to the other extreme. It was two small, low-ceilinged rooms up four flights of steep stairs. There were notices on the walls about closing doors softly, not leaving lights on, and having consideration for others. The landlady, a suspicious-eyed woman with a tight mouth, took them up, and stood watching silently. Martin disliked her intensely, the rooms smelt musty, and,

moreover, he cracked his head in the low doorway. Kate caught his eye. She bit back what was obviously going to be a giggle.

"I don't think this is quite—" she began.

"Definitely not!" Martin finished decisively.

He was still rubbing his head when they reached the street.

In the street Kate seized his arm.

"You must remember to talk to the landladies politely if you want to get a flat—at first, anyway."

"And do you really have a flat yourself?"

Martin asked with some incredulity.

"Yes, and my landlady's a honey. I must introduce you to her some time." Kate realised what she had said, and flushed.

"Do that," Martin said warmly. "I say, aren't you hungry? Shall we have coffee somewhere?"

But Kate was drawing back into her aloofness again.

"I'm a working girl. I can't be out too long. There's just this place in Earls Court to look at. If it isn't suitable I'm afraid you'll have to wait until something else comes in. That is, unless you can afford a higher rent."

She expected him to say he couldn't, so he shook his head with a show of reluctance.

At this rate they could go on for weeks looking at dreary, dark rooms and enjoying it immensely. At least, he could. By tomorrow, or within a few days, anyway, he would have persuaded Kate to have dinner with him, and then he might or might not confess, depending on how things went. There was no hurry. He could continue his role of a poor law clerk indefinitely.

But the rooms in Earls Court were the ones Kate said he must take. He looked at their lofty ceilings, draughty spaces, and shabby furniture in astonishment.

"There's so much you can do," Kate was urging. "I'd have bright wallpaper on this wall and paint the others ivory. You can do the ceiling in a dark color to make it seem lower, and as for that heavenly fireplace—"

"With ivy creeping up in it, no doubt?" Martin said.

"That's exactly what I was visualising." She saw his lack of enthusiasm and asked, "Have you never done any messing about with paint and things?"

"Never."

"Goodness! Then it's time you started. I'll tell you what; you come over and I'll show you what I did in my place."

Martin brightened at once.

"That would be splendid. Tonight? Have dinner—oh—" He suddenly remembered Isobel. She was going to be in town tonight. The date had been made a week ago. Isobel was not the kind of person one could put off, and one wasn't yet certain whether one wanted to . . . Somehow he knew he had to be sure before he became involved with Kate.

"Well, actually I have to go out to dinner

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"I knew you were an amateur, but I didn't think you'd wreck the place so quickly," Kate said as Martin rubbed his shoulder.

ILLUSTRATED BY  
MILLS





# MOMENT OF TRIUMPH



A delightful, romantic short story by **KATHLEEN WALLACE**

THE wedding reception was drawing to its end in the mild atmosphere of anticlimax which follows the departure of the bride and bridegroom. The young Press photographer hovered, nimble and unobtrusive, on the pavement below the front steps. He had done a zealous afternoon's job, but there was always the chance of catching some notable departing guest whose arrival might have been missed.

They had managed the show awfully well, the young man thought approvingly; actually, you'd never know that the house was hired. Much better than a reception at a hotel. The catering firm had not stopped at supplying the buffet and drinks; they had used some imagination in setting the scene.

There were a few obscure oil-paintings on the pale green panelled walls; there was a certain mellow effect of dimmed gilt and striped damask (or near-damask), and inlay tables. A corner cupboard held some oddments of Venetian glass, a bookcase even displayed some leather-bound volumes. You expected the massed flowers everywhere, but what you did not expect was the skilful effect of a wedding reception in a hired house which looked as though it were still lived in. It was, thought the young man to himself, well laid-on.

Old Lady Ditton came out to the steps. The hired butler-for-the-occasion was at her elbow, volunteering to call a taxi, and making his little speech to her to the effect that he could remember the time when it was horses and carriages drawing up at this very door.

The young man decided that by the look of him he could probably remember when it was Roman chariots. This dignified ancient was a specialite de la maison of the catering firm, and in direct line from the hired butler in "Bleak House" who charged extra because he had the appearance of a family retainer.

"No, no, thank you," Lady Ditton was saying. "I shall walk. It is only a step to my flat — just round the corner."

There was a rich, chuckling sound in her voice, and her lined, powdered cheeks showed two laughter creases which had, once on a time, been dimples in a chubby face. The white-haired retainer didn't approve of walking, and his mute bow expressed as much, to her amusement.

At the foot of the steps old Lady Ditton paused, half turned her head, and stood looking at the house. A tiny figure in a handsome, unfashionable coat of grey squirrel, which seemed to weigh her down, a little hat made of violets pressed on her groomed grey hair, a gold-topped umbrella. And in her round, pouched face, with all its cobweb-lines, some unquenchable, youthful vitality, which twinkled in the bright, sunken eyes and played across her features.

She never saw the young man with his camera. She never knew that, almost involuntarily, he took a picture of her just before she went pattering along the square. Something in her face made him do it, and he couldn't have said why, as she stood looking at the house. It was as though his hand were moved by a spring.

She was smiling, and her eyes were twinkling, but the smile on her lips was tender, not amused. And her face held a look of recognition; as though she stood face to face with a friend, suddenly encountered.

No one knew, neither the young man nor any of the guests, nor the bride, who was her god-daughter and called her Aunt Emmy, that Lady Ditton was looking up at the house which had been the home of her girlhood. And that she had stood as a bride in the long, panelled drawing-room, and come down the curving stairs and out to the tall flight of steps, to go away.

Lady Ditton went up to her service flatette in the white block round the corner.

"Shall I wait, madam? You'll be coming down to dinner?" the liftman asked kindly.

"No, thank you, Robbins. I have been stuffing myself at my god-daughter's wedding," she told him, and they chuckled in unison.

She was still smiling to herself, the secret smile, part mischievous, part tender, which the young man with the camera had caught, as she hung up the squirrel coat and put the violet hat — if you could call it a hat — into its layers of tissue-paper. Then, from a shelf of the built-in cupboard, she lifted a japanned box painted with roses and barnacled with mother-of-pearl. It was filled with photographs.

Old Lady Ditton's small, plump fingers, with their half-loop rings, went direct as a water-diviner's twig to the shiny sheet in faded sepia and glaring white turned yellow on the thick cardboard mount. She looked at the picture long and intently. The tall man in impeccable morning dress; even the high, stiff collar and the Edwardian moustache couldn't detract from the pale, sculptured splendor of that face nor the supreme elegance — that was the word which winged across her mind — of his presence and bearing.

Well—in a day which was no more than a dried leaf pressed between the pages of Edwardian memoirs, Sir John Ditton

had been a figure in the vanished London scene. And the faded day was perennially alive and green in the memory of the elderly woman with that out-moded photograph in her hands.

His bride stood beside him. A short, round little figure in stiff white satin up to her chin, down to her white-gloved hands, and not so much spread about her as standing in rigid folds. She was plump as a robin, her hair was curled up above a small, child-like face, her high, pointed wreath of orange-blossom looked like a cap from a Christmas cracker, perched on top of the misty cascade of her veil.

Sir John's face was touched with a faint smile, the mildly ironical smile which was characteristic of him. But his young bride was beaming, and even the faded photograph still showed her deep dimples. With her round face and puffed hair, her round bust compressed into the tucked satin bodice and her round hips where the satin skirt was stretched to widen into a positive farthingale at the back, she resembled nothing so much as a sugar-loaf.

Emmeline Ditton laughed softly in the empty room. "My dear, you really did look a sight, you know," she told herself of more than fifty years ago. "And what a little nitwit — and how happy —"

It was her habit to read, before she went to sleep, in the divan bed with the convenient bedside lamp and a flask of hot milk on the little bedside table. But tonight Emmeline turned out the lamp and lay in the dark, not so much remembering as watching the faces, listening to the voices, of that half-century ago, while the voice of her own mind spoke the commentary without word or sound. She was speaker and hearer in one.

She had moved further and deeper into those past days ever since the invitation to Priscilla's wedding lay on her breakfast tray and was presently stuck into the mirror above the electric fire. Simply because of one line in silver lettering on the deckle-edged paper: " . . . and afterwards at Ten Thurstor Square." She had been moving through those days all this afternoon as she merged in the crowd of wedding guests, up the graceful stairs, through the panelled rooms with the balconies hung above the garden of the square, so green, so bowered in tall old trees that roofs and balconies appeared to rise among tree-tops, screened by branches.

Now, alone in the dark, today retreated, went out like a tide, and yesterday rose about her.

There used to be a look which welled into Mother's face so often that it seemed part of her usual expression, when she considered me for any reason or at any moment. Fondness — always that — and exasperation, and a sort of baffled curiosity, were all in it. I never tried to account for it. It seems to me that I never tried to account for anything . . .

Mother was wondering what on earth to do with me, of course, in order that my first Season shouldn't be a total failure.

Because, you see, I wasn't pretty, and no amount of effort could make me look smartly turned out.

Naturally, everyone took for granted the transformation of grub-in-to-butterfly, the established fact that a girl was a plump or gawky creature out of sight in the schoolroom until she suddenly appeared with her hair up and her skirts down and, by some process as inevitable as breathing, had grown up. A certain degree of innocent gaucherie was to be expected and tolerated — at least in her first Season. It even added freshness.

Girls who were among my friends were almost invariably in a state of flutter and twitter as we all stood perched on the edge of that first Season. And every one of them was prettier than I, better debutante material. Some of them were budding beauties. But all of them were anxious.

Apparently, I conformed to none of these rules! Without a single claim to success, it never entered my head to worry over that fact. I simply didn't recognise it. Mother must have done all the worrying; in fact, later on, I came to realise that she did.

I am not sure whether it says more for her sweetness or my happy stupidity that she never made me feel shy or gauche, self-conscious, or even uncertain. The mothers of some of the beauties did that to their girls and, heaven knows, with less reasons. But when one of Mother's friends said of me: "Emmy simply looks like a child dressed up for a charade," I only thought it a joke, and giggled. I must have plunged into my first Season with the zest of a puppy going into water.

I had heard of Sir John Ditton while I was still in the schoolroom. We heard a good deal more than our elders realised, I fancy. Over schoolroom tea parties, during walks in the park, we chattered and giggled and shared the flotsam and jetsam of worldly knowledge — save the mark! — which eddied into our supposed seclusion.

I remember the day in the park when Gertrude Wakefield pinched my arm as a rider cantered past and hissed into my

ear: "Look! Do you know who that is? It's Jack Ditton — he's a sort of cousin of Father's. Sir John Ditton, he is, really. He was at dinner the night Mother had to let me come down because someone fell through and they'd be thirteen at table . . ."

So I saw him for the first time, as he wheeled and came past again at a walk. He didn't even look at Gertrude, of course. I don't suppose he so much as saw two girls in white serge with sailor hats on their long hair, and two governesses sauntering near by, deep in confidential talk.

But I saw Jack. I didn't notice how immaculate he looked in riding-kit, nor how easily he rode, nor even what a beautiful mount he was riding. I saw his fine-drawn face and cool, pale eyes. Suddenly, all in a moment, all that I felt was utterly, unreasonably happy. Just that. Nothing else.

Gertrude was talking: " . . . if Mademoiselle weren't here, for two pins I'd wave! Though I don't suppose he'd have noticed. He never said a single word to me in the drawing-room after dinner. Well, of course, he's almost old — Mother was saying he's at least thirty-eight."

She seemed excited. I said: "Is he important? You sound as if he were."

She giggled again and looked round to make sure that Mademoiselle and Miss Louey were out of earshot.

"My dear! Mother and Miss Curran were talking before the men came up stairs . . . and I was supposed to be playing one of those wretched 'Songs Without Words' in the back drawing-room. He's all kinds of things, Emmy . . . I couldn't catch all they were saying, though I kept my foot jammed on the soft pedal; and I wasn't quite sure of everything they meant when I did catch it. He's a baronet, and awfully rich — Mrs. C. said, 'There's the Cornish property as well, of course' — and she was saying something about a big catch, and being 'eligible,' whatever that means. And Mother laughed and said: 'The unfair thing is, Jack is so completely charming that people would lose their heads about him if he had nothing.'"

I came face to face with him on Mother's next At Home Day. Those spring Tuesdays before I came out, Mother made me come down to tea and hand things and talk when anyone talked to me. And suddenly Howland was announcing: "Sir John Ditton," and he was coming into the room.

I remember quite well, my cheeks didn't feel hot and my hands didn't tremble. I wasn't conscious of anything about myself at all. Only that feeling of utter happiness again, as though I were rising on wings. And the long room felt empty except for him; though it was full of people and voices and the clinking of cups and the scent of China tea and flowers and furs.

I brought him a cup of tea, and Mother was interrupted by someone else, and he looked down at me, very steadily, and smiled. I didn't move or look away or even try to speak. And those stone-grey eyes looked at me, were bent on me. He had never seen me in his life, but he was looking at me as though he recognised me.

He came to my coming-out dance — Japanese lanterns in the London garden, and the long drawing-room and the small room beyond it made into a ballroom with the folding doors put back. Music pouring into the June night under the branches, and a striped awning over the steps. Not a very big dance, not a grand one. And I heard a man say: "Ditton's here; did you see him? That's unexpected, I must say!"

I wondered what made him say that. I was too much of a little simpleton to know that his engagements were usually on a much more dazzling scale. Or that he'd been known to describe certain debutante dances as "those nursery romps . . ."

I only felt that his presence was something complete, something as inevitable and natural as my being there myself.

We danced. And he took me in to supper. I can see me, in my white tulle which was all frills and ruffles, and a wreath of tight rosebuds above my pompadour, and I was pink as a peony because I'd danced every dance. I remember I was ravenous . . . I'd been too excited to eat my lunch, and now I was light-headed with that perfectly contented feeling of happiness and my tummy clamoring for nectar and ambrosia. I fell to; and John watched me through chicken salad and cream trifle and draughts of lemonade.

And afterwards we were walking round the square and into the square garden under the syringa, and he had put his beautiful evening cloak with its satin lining round my shoulders.

So — my Season, my very own Season that was no one else's, opened and soared. It was only later, when I had belatedly grown up, that I realised that I found John wherever I was

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Emmy looked at the horseman when Gertrude whispered to her excitedly. "Look! There's Jack Ditton — Sir John Ditton!"

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Illustrated by  
Denlop



A short short story — It was a crazy  
test, but she passed it with . . .

# Flying Colors

By HARRIET SHIEK

IN bouffant petticoat and silver slippers she was sitting at her dressing-table nervously applying make-up when the idea came to her. "Bill," she said, "go and mix the cocktails, will you?"

"Sure, honey." But he continued adjusting his tie at the bureau mirror and started praising his boss again. "He's a genius, Laurie. Imaginative, unpredictable. An idea a minute. Only thirty-five and look where he is."

Imaginative, unpredictable? An idea a minute? That Laurie agreed with. She'd seen Ted Carson once, a month before, when she and Bill attended a party at the Carson home. Once was enough. But how could she tell Bill that?

"Hey," he said, "aren't you dressed yet?"

She stood up and faced him, hands on hips. "The kids have eaten and are sitting on the couch, glued there under threat of extermination if they so much as sneeze before the Carsons arrive. They have orders to say how-do-you-do, then vanish."

"The dinner is in the oven. The house shines up to here. I even polished the numerals on the telephone dial. Scram, will you? I'll be ready and even smiling when the doorbell rings."

Bill laughed. "Honey, stop yelling at me in italics. You always get so jittery . . ."

"Jittery! When the president of the firm is going to look us over to see if we'll fit into the V.I.P. social life . . . when he's probably going to make you general manager . . ."

She was ready to burst into tears. Because if he knew what else was worrying her he'd probably say to heck with the job, to heck with Carson, and poof would go the brilliant future of Bill Reed.

He came to her, tall, handsome, confident, and put his arms around her. "You'll sail through the evening with flying colors, baby. Now relax."

Oh, sure, she thought. I'm a wonder, I am. The wife who can sail through any crisis that comes along.

Well, this crisis — number nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine in nine years — had her stumped. And the idea she'd had a minute ago was for the birds. But when Bill left the room — whistling, yet — she decided it was worth a try.

She kicked off the silver slippers and stepped out of the bouffant petticoat. She hunted up an everyday bra, straight slip, and plain black pumps.

Ignoring the strapless black taffeta waiting on the bed, she dug out a navy-blue shirtwaist that she never wore because it made her feel like somebody's drab maiden aunt. After donning it she attacked her thick yellow hair.

Down went the chic bun; up went two bobby-pins to hold the hair back in a simple, unimaginative

way. With a tissue she blotted off some lipstick.

Stepping back, she examined herself in the mirror.

She didn't look dowdy or wrong. Just dull, uninteresting. Which was fine.

That other time Ted Carson had seen her she'd been dressed to the teeth—turquoise evening dress, hair perfect, make-up just right. And where had it got her? Out to look at the rock-garden with Ted. Suddenly he was taking her hand . . . putting his arm around her . . .

She wasn't naive. At parties occasionally she'd had to fend off a man or two. But . . . Ted Carson. Bill's boss. The man Bill worshipped.

Stunned, speechless, she had backed away from him, fled into the house. And from that moment to this she'd fought off the temptation to tell Bill, not knowing if it was right to throw it on his shoulders or not. True, Ted Carson held Bill's future in his hands, but if the future meant she had to keep on eluding those hands . . .

The doorbell rang. She got there just as Bill did and hastily explained her last-minute change; she couldn't swish around the kitchen in that taffeta skirt . . . her hair just wouldn't stay up . . .

Except for his shrewd blue eyes, Ted Carson did not look like a corporation president in the plastics industry. Broad-shouldered, with a friendly grin, he had almost a boyish look.

Tonight, as he greeted Laurie, he didn't grin, but a gleam of admiration came into his eyes, and her heart sank. Hadn't this outfit helped at all?

Perhaps the idea of trying to appear dull and uninteresting just didn't work with her . . . Perhaps Ted Carson thought nothing about a woman's fashion sense.

But surely her conversation with him at that previous dinner party had not been all that interesting or clever to hold him spellbound.

Adele, Ted's wife, a stunning redhead and a clever businesswoman in her own right, was wearing a white chiffon frock and a mink stole. With a wife that lovely and clever . . . was he mad?

The kids — seven-year-old Billy and eight-year-old Linda—behaved like angels, then went into the den to watch television. The cocktail hour passed pleasantly enough. So did dinner.

But several times Ted glanced at Laurie with those admiring eyes, and she began to dread having the meal end.

Eventually the dessert was gone, the candles burned down. They couldn't sit here forever. Laurie rose.

Their living-room, with its provincial furniture and hooked rug, faced the backyard. Ted stood by the open french doors, sniffing the air.



Laurie was surprised when she felt  
Ted take her by the hand.

*Des Condon*

"Do I smell gardenias?" he asked. "You do," Bill answered. "They're Laurie's pets."

"I'd like to see them, Laurie," Ted said.

She looked helplessly at Bill, who was answering some question of Adele's now. The next thing she knew she was walking outside with Ted.

In the moonlight, he touched one of the fragile white flowers, then his hand dropped to his side. He seemed—she couldn't be sure—but he seemed ill at ease.

"Laurie," he said, "I admire anyone with imagination. Man or woman."

"Oh?" She kept her eyes on his hands.

He indicated the lawn furniture. "Could we . . . ?"

After they were seated in chairs facing each other, he leaned forward, elbows on knees, hands clasped together.

"I want to explain something to you, Laurie," he said soberly. "In a company like ours, the closer you get to the top the more involved you become socially. There's quite a bit of drinking, and some of the fellows who work under a lot of pressure are apt to let go and get a little playful."

"Not that the same thing can't happen anywhere, but when a couple's social life is tied up with

the husband's business life it's a ticklish business, and I've lost several good men because of it."

"What kind of double-talk is this?" Laurie asked, hardly daring to look up at him.

"Most of the fellows mean nothing by it," he went on, "but if one wife in the organisation encourages that kind of thing there's trouble. She can cause trouble by just doing the opposite, too, by complaining to her husband and putting him on the spot. You did neither. You acted with dignity."

"You didn't burden your husband; you embarrassed no one. And . . ." —nodding at her stupid outfit—"you even thought up a subtle way to discourage the stupid guy who got out of line. In fact—this is darned hard to admit, Laurie—but you passed a test for an executive's wife that I've never tried before and which I'll never try again. It was a rotten thing to do, and I apologise."

"A . . . test?" Somehow, in a crazy, diabolical way, she felt more indignant than she had that night in the rock-garden.

It was all she could do to stop herself from bursting out angrily at him. But she took a deep breath and thought to herself that a complete silence on her part would be the best way out of a delicate situation.

Ted Carson waited a while for her to speak, but finally he went

on trying to explain the way he felt.

"It's the crummiest idea I ever had in my life," he said. "And if you don't accept my apology I won't blame you."

She sat studying him a good long time, this imaginative, unpredictable man who had an idea a minute. An idea a minute . . .

She thought that over while she continued to study him. An idea a minute! Gosh, anyone who had that many ideas was bound to come up with a dud now and then. And he had apologised.

She let him wait a little longer, though, before answering. Finally, she said, "I accept your apology, Ted."

"Thank you, Laurie. I don't deserve it, but thank you."

As he got to his feet he let out a long sigh of relief, then grinned. "Shall we go in now? And tell Bill he's my new general manager?"

"Yes, let's."

Going into the house, she let out a long, relieved sigh of her own. As in every other crisis, she'd got through number nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine somehow. Maybe it was silly to get so darned worried every time. Next time . . .

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## DRESS SENSE

By Betty Keep

The striped cotton dress (illustrated at left) is my choice for a young mother who asks for a design for day wear that is smart but not extreme fashion.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"I do my own sewing, but need a paper pattern. Would you help me with a design for a piece of striped blue-and-white cotton? Though my husband doesn't like any of the belted styles, I don't want to look too old-fashioned. I have a young family and don't have many clothes, but I thought this piece of cotton would be worth making up to see me through the end of the hot weather. I take a size 36."

The dress I've chosen in answer to your letter (illustrated at left) has a compromise chemise silhouette, with its loose back and belted front. The belt comes from under the side seams. The dress is accented with a white pique collar, white buttons, and a white belt. I hope you will like it sufficiently well to copy and that it will please your husband's taste, too. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"WOULD you please tell me the newest length to have slacks made. Also is a shirt blouse still worn?"

Skinny pants worn at above-ankle length are in

vogue for trouser fashions. Shirts are worn outside the pants; they are seldom tucked in and belted.

"I FOLLOW your column every week and I'm now hoping you can help me with quite a large problem. I'm being married in a formal bridal dress and veil, but do not know what my husband-to-be should wear. Also should my father, who is giving me away, wear a lounge suit? The wedding is at 3.30 p.m."

It is correct for the members of the bridal party—this includes the father of the bride and father of the groom—to wear the same attire. Strictly speaking, a morning suit is the correct male attire for an afternoon wedding. However, these days a dark lounge suit is accepted as correct. The suit should be worn with a white shirt, dark knotted tie, matching socks, and black shoes. In Australia it is not customary to wear gloves with a lounge suit.

"I HAVE for some years worn black or navy after-noon frocks, and now wondered if you might suggest some new subdued color to make a change."

Dove - grey, fawn - brown, smoke-brown, deep sapphire-blue, and deep mulberry are all new colors you might consider.

DS352.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 3/9. New Zealand readers may order from Box 6348, Wellington.

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GUILD CHEMIST



# TOYS TO MAKE

## "Reel" doll for few pence

• These toy ideas are the last of the commended hints from our recent £2000 Mink Coat Economy Hint Contest. The best in this section receives £5, and each other hint published £1.

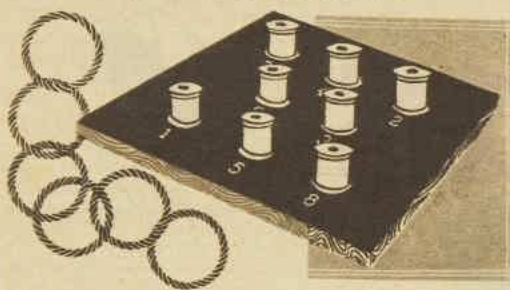
### EASY RAGBOOK

£5 to Mrs. M. Brown, Cheltenham, N.S.W.

Sew together six or more handkerchiefs with brightly colored pictures on them.

This makes an excellent ragbook for children, which can be washed and starched frequently.

### Miniature quoit set



SMALL CHILDREN love this miniature quoit set. It gives them fun as well as teaching skill in throwing the quoits and adding the score from the numbers painted on the board.

AN economical toy for a small boy is a miniature quoit set.

This is made up of a board 1in. thick, 16in. x 16in., on which empty cotton reels (small size) are glued at intervals of 4in. over the board.

The board and cotton reels are painted in contrasting colors and numbers from 1 to 8 are painted near each reel.

Lightweight rope quoits are then made to complete the set,

which is best used placed flat on a table or on the floor.

This set cost us only a few pence for glue and paint, as we had the board on hand. It is a great source of fun for our son and his playmates; they enjoy it more than most of their expensive toys.

£1 to Mrs. M. Beresford, Bundaberg, Qld.

### Merry-go-round



PLAY WHEEL made from a cartwheel placed on a spindle and put securely in the ground. Painted in bright colors, it looks gay in the garden.

MAKE a play wheel with a discarded cartwheel and a steel spindle.

Put spindle about three feet into the ground, with one foot above the ground.

Place wheel on spindle so that it rotates horizontally. Several children can sit and ride on the wheel together as it goes round.

When placed in the garden, with the spokes painted different colors, it looks very attractive as an ornament, as well as amusing the children.

£1 to Mrs. P. A. Marshall, Culburra, S.A.

### Coloring d'oyleys

Here are two inexpensive ways to amuse small children:

• Give them some paper d'oyleys to color. A prize for the best effort adds incentive, and the results of their efforts may give a party atmosphere to the evening meal.

• Take an empty milk tin (or any other tin with a lid) and pierce a hole in the top and bottom. Run a wire through

the holes and twist the ends of the wire around a stick. This will delight a child learning to walk.

£1 to Mrs. M. J. Halliday, Two Wells, S.A.

### Dot drawing

The method of drawing by joining consecutively numbered dots appeals to children, and a supply of these invisible pictures can easily be made.

### Bowling alley

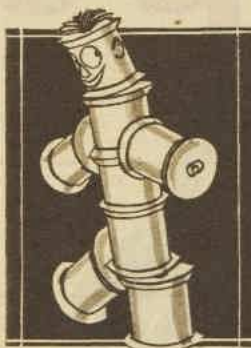


EMPTY SHOEBOX and a pair of scissors are all that are needed to make this bowling alley for marbles.

A shoebox, cut and numbered, plus six marbles, provides a miniature bowling alley for a rainy day or during convalescence. The children bowl the marbles along the floor in turn, and each writes down his or her own score. As well as being economical (costs only a few pence for the marbles) it is also instructive, as each child must add up his score, to be checked by the other child or children.

£1 to Mrs. E. A. Spurrier, Mentone, Vic.

### "Reel" doll



EIGHT empty cotton reels threaded on elastic make the sort of doll that children often like better than expensive ones.

Make a fascinating doll from empty cotton reels. You will need eight. Paint them in bright colors with left-over paint. Thread them on elastic, making knots at top of head, arms, and legs.

For hair, tie ten 4in. lengths of bright wool around top knot of elastic and unravel the ends. Draw a happy face. For a few pence you have made a practically indestructible toy to gladden the heart of any small child.

£1 to Mrs. L. S. Butt, Gloucester, N.S.W.

Firm semi-transparent paper, such as greaseproof paper, is needed. For each picture place a sheet of this over any clear, large illustration in a book or magazine. Numbered dots are made on the paper outlining the picture and discarding unnecessary detail. Illustrations of cars, houses, aeroplanes, and animals are most suitable.

£1 to Mrs. R. Dunn, Glen Waverley, Vic.



ONLY HOLBROOKS HAS THE  
**Non-Drip Bottle**

**It Drops Cleanly**

TO SEASON  
YOUR MEALS



**It Pours Freely**

TO FLAVOUR  
YOUR RECIPES



# HOLBROOKS

**LOOK**

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**HOLBROOKS**  
Australia's largest-  
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ENJOY HOLBROOKS MUSTARD SAUCE, TOO — IT'S SWEET, NOT HOT



# Get rid of these dangerous *and annoying* insect pests

*with*



## Mortein Insect Powder

Mortein Insect Powder will rid your home of silverfish, cockroaches, ants or fleas with remarkable speed and effectiveness. It is specially recommended for the destruction of fleas on dogs because it is non-irritating. The original Mortein Insect Powder was the forerunner of all household insecticides in Australia and the new, improved Mortein Insect Powder is, to-day, the most modern of all insect powders. This proves the wisdom of the traditional Mortein slogan, "When you're on a good thing, stick to it."



## Mortein Plus

Mortein Plus kills flies and all other insect pests with such speed and certainty that it outsells all other insect sprays by 4 to 1. Mortein, beyond all question, is the most powerful insect spray in Australia—and the safest to use. Mortein is fatal to flies but harmless to humans. There is no D.D.T. in Mortein. Its amazing insect-killing power results from the inclusion of pyrethrum and piperonyl butoxide in the exclusive Mortein formula.



## Mortein Pressure-Pak

No sprayer required! When the button is pressed a highly penetrating mist of Mortein is released. This insect-killing mist floats into every part and corner of the room—even behind curtains and furnishings. It quickly kills all flies and mosquitoes. Properly used, Mortein Pressure-Pak goes very much further than ordinary fly sprays. Three to four seconds' spraying per room is sufficient. It will not taint foodstuffs, so can be used with complete safety at all times.



# Here's your answer

by LOUISE HUNTER

"I AM a girl of 18 and am in love with a man of 23. We have been going steady for 18 months. Recently he spent a holiday in Melbourne, and since he returned I find that his attitude towards me has changed. He takes me for granted. Before he went we were thinking of getting married. But now I am beginning to wonder if he really loves me and if my love for him was only a passing fancy. Please, could you help me?"

"Doubtful," N.S.W.

I think you want me to tell you that you are foolish and that everything is all right. Well, I'm not going to. I think you know the exact situation yourself and know exactly what you're going to do. Every girl really knows in her own heart whether or not things are right or wrong. If they're wrong—if you know he doesn't love you or you don't love him—well, finish the whole thing off. It's better to do that than make an unhappy marriage.

"I AM a girl of 14. My father won't allow me to wear make-up; he says I'm too young. My mother lets me wear it when I go out with my friends. They are allowed to wear make-up, but I always have to rub it off before I get home so my father won't know. Do you think this is right? Do you think I'm too young to wear make-up?"

"Too Young," N.S.W.

The question of wearing make-up depends largely on local custom and the attitude of parents.

As in your case, usually mothers are more understanding. Fathers never feel there is any degree of make-up; they think their daughters are going to wear scarlet mouths, heavy eye-shadow, and pancake make-up right from the start. What you have to do is to educate your father and show him that a touch of pale pink lipstick and a light dusting of powder makes you look healthier, happier, and nicer, and doesn't turn you into a sexy siren overnight.

When I say "local custom" I mean that if all the other girls of your age in your town wear a little make-up, I think this should influence parents to allow their daughters to wear it. There is nothing unhappier than a girl who is the only one in her group not allowed to do this or that because of parental decree.

You must be guided by your mother about approaching your father about wearing make-up. I wish the two of you could educate him to it gradually instead of deceiving him. Everything would be so much happier. But take your mother's advice. She knows him.

"I AM a 13-year-old girl and there is a boy of 15 who likes me. Nearly every night he rings me up and asks me out. I do not accept his invitation, as I do not trust him because he acts so stupidly. I also do not like him, and I wish he would not ring me up or ask me out any more. One of my friends gave him a photo of me, to which I strongly objected, and I wish to get it back. Do you think I should ask him for it or shall I let him keep it? What will I do?"

"Teener," Vic.

Tell the boy you would rather he didn't ring you up or ask you out, that you are far too young to go out with boys. Do your parents know you are being pestered by this

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith.

boy? If he takes no notice of you, just a word from your mother next time he rings would stop his attentions, I'm sure.

As for the photo, forget it. Its value will be much greater if he knows you want it back.

"WHEN I leave school at the end of this year I will be 17. I am considering joining the W.R.A.A.F. Where could I find out the necessary qualifications?"

"Juju," N.S.W.

Write to the Recruiting Officer, R.A.A.F., Beach Road, Edgecliff, N.S.W. He will supply all the information you need.

"I AM nearly 15 and have never been out with a boy. What I'd like to know is what am I to say if I am asked, because I would have to ask my parents' permission. Would I tell this boy this and ask to get the permission?"

"First Date," Vic.

Yes. Accept his invitation personally, but tell him you must also obtain your parents' permission to go out.

If they give their consent, ask him to call for you at home, if possible, so that your escort may meet your parents before he takes you out. This may sound rather formal for 1959, but it is a good convention appreciated by all parents.

They want you to go out and enjoy yourself, but they want to know that the boy you are with is one they can trust to take care of you.

## \*\*\*\* DISC DIGEST \*\*\*\*

IT'S very cheering for the record collector to see that nearly all the "diskeries," as the Americans call recording companies, are now producing a lower-priced series of LPs.

Two recent budget-priced discs offer good contrasting entertainment. The first is that good old standby—a collection on OELP.5007 called "The World's Most Beautiful Waltzes."

Ten of the twelve are by Johann Strauss. It is played by the string section of an orchestra called the Symphonia Royale. Their playing is really top grade.

Among the exhilarating melodies are, of course, the "Blue Danube," "Artist's Life," "Roses from the South," "Wine, Women and Song," "Emperor Waltz," "Morning Papers," and "Tales from the Vienna Woods." One Strauss waltz included is one which is seldom recorded, "Enjoy Life."

The two non-Strauss works are "Merry Widow Waltz," by Lehar, and Waldteufel's dear old war-horse, "Skaters' Waltz."

The second 12-inch disc is a feast of no fewer than 38 tunes played by the South African pianist Albie Louw, who might well be billed as that country's Wilbur Kentwell. He has the same dependable rhythmic style, the only difference being that Louw takes an occasional vocal in a pleasing cabaret voice. "Down Memory Lane" (OELP.5014) runs the gamut from "Yes, We Have No Bananas" to "Charmaine," from "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" to "Moonlight and Roses."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

## A word from Debbie...



● This is the year of the Lazy Oyster. Store your multi-pearl ropes away; they're from efficient oysters and are distinctly old-fashioned.

Lazy Oyster necklets are a thin gold or silver chain with one pearl pendant. That's all. If you're in the money you can have a pearl bracelet, too, but it can't have

more than one pearl on it, either. And if you must wear ear-rings, one pearl only on one ear only.

Lazy daughters don't please the mother of the house, though, so don't take on this year's smart oyster's personality. Saturday mornings your theme song should be "Have energy — will work"; it'll mean a better weekend all round.

A deodorant soap  
that's a Beauty soap, too!



**Tact** safeguards your  
freshness all over, all day, as  
no ordinary soap can

Gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past. You see, Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient G11, known to science as hexachlorophene. And it's G11 which washes away up to 95% of the germs which actually cause perspiration to decompose, become offensive.

and gentle **Tact**  
protects your complexion  
beneath your make-up



**Tact** soap  
keeps perspiration **Odour-Free**

When you wash beforehand with Tact, your complexion is protected underneath your make-up. For gentle Tact washes away up to 95% of the bacteria which ordinary soaps leave on your skin, free to cause trouble beneath your make-up. And Tact, with G11, stands guard against new germs, too! It's ideal for teen-age skin problems.

Buy Tact Deodorant Soap in the big bath size and save money.



★ PROVED BY  
LABORATORY  
TESTS TO WASH  
AWAY UP TO 95%  
OF THE GERMS  
WHICH ACTUALLY  
CAUSE  
PERSPIRATION  
ODOUR AND  
SPREAD SKIN  
BLEMISHES

BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP  
NOW FROM CHEMISTS  
GROCERS AND STORES

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT



# Bridal Fashion from Paris




 Wedding romance (right), from the Maison Dior, is seen in this gown made in superb white satin. The dress is tied high under the bosom, has a scooped neckline, and is finished with a sweeping train.




The five dresses put here show the newest and silhouettes for the autumn bride. The line is one of these looks and the dress it a train is general and modesty are combined. Satin and lace are the most popular fabric choices. The debate about bride veil The Paris Couture is unanimously on the chic way the veil is overflowing from a head with cap, or turban.




 Dress of white satin (above) is by Castillo at Lanvin. The material is cleverly designed and arranged to flatter and follow the wearer's figure. The demure bodice-top has a small roll-over collar and inset wrist-length sleeves. The skirt has a superb train; the gloves are in matching satin. The unusual simple head-dress is worn with a cloud of fragile white tulle. It frames the face and falls gracefully over the folds of the skirt and train.






 The peacock hemline, a revival of the 'twenties, is seen in the divine lace dress (above). The bodice is high to the throat and form-fitting, the narrow sleeves are wrist-length. The veil is tulle. Dress is by Patou.



 The close-waisted gown in white faille (above) is accented under the bosom, Empire style, with a band of satin. The high neckline is finished with a tiny self-collar. The veil falls from a rounded cap to form a long train. Dress by Jean Patou.

 Quite 150 yards of organdie were needed to make the skirt of the fairy-tale wedding dress (left). The cover-up bodice and apron-styled overskirt are in faille. The long veil, in matching white organdie, is worn back to show the wearer's face. Dress by Michel Tellin.



## Spring Freshness



in your home  
all the year round

### RACASAN

Air Freshener & Moth Block

The smell of sweet fresh air everywhere you hang a Racasan Air Freshener Block. No more unpleasant odours in bathrooms, toilets, kitchens, cupboards, etc. No "moth-bait" smell to linger round your clothes. Racasan Air Fresheners are available in six delightful perfumes—violet, narcissus, lavender, lilac, heather and pine.

Distributed for Racasan Limited by Muir & Neil Pty. Ltd., Sydney and Melbourne.

## Beauty Quiz

Should you bleach, shave, or chemically remove fuzz on the face, legs, or arms? Bleaching is best for fine, dark, superfluous hair, but if it's coarse and obvious the answer is removal. It is an old wives' tale that shaving coarsens hair. The texture is never altered by shaving. To avoid stubble—feel, moisten with oil of ulan when removing. This has a softening, smoothing, and concealing effect.

... Margaret Merrill.

make its signals recognisable far out at sea.

Mr. Cuddy, on the contrary, kept observation under cover of an absent-minded smile, while Mr. McAngus quietly rolled his eyes in the direction of his objective and was careful not to turn his head.

Miss Abbott, at the chief engineer's table, gave Alleyn one sharp look and no more. Mr. Merryman ruffled his hair, opened his eyes very wide, and then fastened with the fiercest concentration upon the menu. Father Jourdain glanced in a civilised manner at Alleyn and turned with a pleasant smile to his companions.

At this juncture Mrs. Dillington-Blick made her entrance, rosy with achievement, buzzing with femininity, and followed by the captain, Aubyn Dale, and Timothy Makepiece.

The captain introduced Alleyn — "Mr. Broderick, who joined us today."

The men made appropriate wary noises at one another. Mrs. Dillington-Blick, who might have been thought to be already in full flower, awarded herself a sort of bonus in effulgence. Everything about her blossomed madly. "Fun!" she seemed to be saying. "This is what I'm really good at. We're all going to like this."

She bathed Alleyn in her personality. Her eyes shone, her lips were moist, her small hands fluttered at the ends of her Rubensian arms. "But I watched you!" she cried. "I watched you with my heart in my mouth! Coming on board! Nipping up that frightful thing! Do tell me. Is it as terrifying as it looks or am I being silly?"

"It's plain murder," Alleyn said, "and you're not being silly at all. I was all of a tremble."

Mrs. Dillington-Blick cascaded with laughter. She

Continuing . . . .

## Singing in the Shrouds

from page 25

raised and lowered her eyebrows at Alleyn and flapped her hands at the captain. "There now!" she cried. "Just what I supposed. How you dared! If it was a choice of feeding the little fishes or crawling up that ladder I swear I'd pop thankfully into the shark's maw. And don't you look so superior," she chided Captain Bannerman.

This was exactly how he had hoped she would talk. A fine woman who enjoyed a bit of chaff. And, troubled though he was, he smiled a little in his uniform.

"We'll have you shinning down it like an old hand," he teased, "when you go ashore at Laa Palmas."

Aubyn Dale looked quizzically at Alleyn, who gave him the shadow of a wink. Mrs. Dillington-Blick was away to a magnificent start. Three men, one a celebrity, two good-looking, and all teasing her. Laa Palmas? Did they mean . . . ? Would she have to . . . ? Ah, no! She didn't believe them.

A number of rocco images chased one another improperly through Alleyn's imagination. "Don't give it another thought," he advised. "You'll make the grade. I understand that if the sea is at all choppy they rig a safety net down below. Same as trapeze artists have when they lose their nerve."

"I won't listen!" "It's the form, though, I promise you," Alleyn said. "Isn't it, sir?"

"Certainly!"

"Not true; Mr. Dale, they're being beastly to me!"

Dale said gayly, "I refuse to let them tease you any more." He was already talking to Mrs. Dillington-Blick as if they were lifelong friends and yet with

that touch of deference that lent such distinction to his programmes and filled Alleyn, together with eighty per cent. of his male viewers, with a vague desire to kick him.

There was a great deal of laughter at the captain's table. Mrs. Cuddy was moved to stare at it so fixedly that at one moment she completely missed her mouth.

A kind of restlessness was engendered in the passengers, a sense of being done out of something, and in two of the women of resentment. Miss Abbott felt angry with Mrs. Dillington-Blick because she was being silly over three men. Mrs. Cuddy felt angry with her because three men were being silly over her, and also because of a certain expression that had crept into Mr. Cuddy's wide smile.

BRIGID CAR-MICHAEL wondered how Mrs. Dillington-Blick could be bothered and then took herself to task for being a humbug; the new passenger, she thought, was quite enough to make any girl do her stuff. She found that Dr. Makepiece was looking at her, and, to her great annoyance, she blushed. For the rest of luncheon she made polite conversation with the second mate, who was Welsh and bashful, and with the wireless officer, who wore that wild and lonely air common to his species.

After luncheon Alleyn went to see his quarters. The pilot's cabin had a door and porthole opening on to the bridge. He could look down on the bows of the ship, thrust arrow-like into the sea, and at the sickle-

shaped and watery world beyond. Under other circumstances, he thought, he would have enjoyed this trip. He unpacked his suitcase, winked at a photograph of his wife, went below, and carried out a brief inspection of the passengers' quarters. These were at the same level as the drawing-room and gave on to a passage that went through from port to starboard.

The doors were all shut, with the exception of that opening into the cabin aft of the passage on the port side. This was open, and the cabin beyond resembled an overcrowded flower shop. Here Dennis was discovered, sucking his thumb and lost in contemplation. Alleyn knew that Dennis, of whom this was his first glimpse, might very well become a person of importance. He paused by the door.

"Afternoon," he said. "Are you the steward for the pilot's cabin?"

Evidently Dennis had heard about Alleyn. He hurried to the door, smiled winsomely, and said, "Not generally, but I'm going to have the pleasure of looking after you, Mr. Broderick."

Alleyn tipped him five pounds. Dennis said, "Oh, you shouldn't, sir, really," and pocketed the note. He indicated the flowers and said, "I just can't make up my mind, sir. Mrs. Dillington-Blick said I was to take some into the dining-room and lounge, and as soon as I've finished in the bar I'm going to, but I don't know which to choose. Such an umbrance-derriches! What would you say for the lounge, sir, the decor's dirty-pink."

Alleyn was so long answering that Dennis gave a little grieve. "Isn't it diffy!" he sympathised.

Alleyn pointed a long finger. "That," he said, "I should certainly make it that one," and went on his way to the passengers' lounge.

It was a modest combination of bar, smoking-room, and card-room, and in it the passengers were assembled for coffee. Already by the curious mechanism of human attraction and repulsion they had begun to sort themselves into groups. Mr. McAngus, having found himself alongside the Cuddys at luncheon, was reappropriated by them both and seemed to be not altogether at ease in their company, perhaps because Mrs. Cuddy stared so very fixedly at his hair, which, Alleyn noticed, was of an unexpected shade of nut-brown with no parting and a good deal of overhang at the back.

He drew a packet of herbal cigarettes from his pocket and lit one, explaining that he suffered from asthma. They began to chat more cosily about diseases. Mr. McAngus confided that he was but recently recovered from an operation, and Mr. Cuddy returned this lead with a lively account of a suspected duodenal ulcer.

Father Jourdain and Mr. Merryman had discovered a common taste in crime fiction and smiled quite excitedly at each other over their coffee cups. Of all the men among the passengers, Alleyn thought, Father Jourdain had the most arresting appearance. He wondered what procession of events had led this man to become an Anglo-Catholic celibate priest. There was intelligence and liveliness in the face whose pallor, induced no doubt by the habit of his life, emphasised rather than concealed the opulence of the mouth and watchfulness of the dark eyes. His short white hands were

To page 40



"never wear out  
their welcome"

## Fashion -- AT YOUR FEET

(Prices may vary slightly outside of N.S.W.)



### Pinto

Leather casual featuring the popular "Cello-crepe" sponge sole. Colours: Polished Pine, Mountie Red and Black. Also available in Maids', red and tan.

33/11

### Maverik

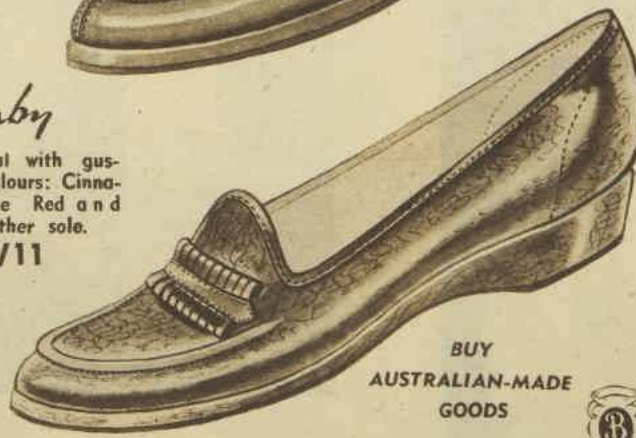
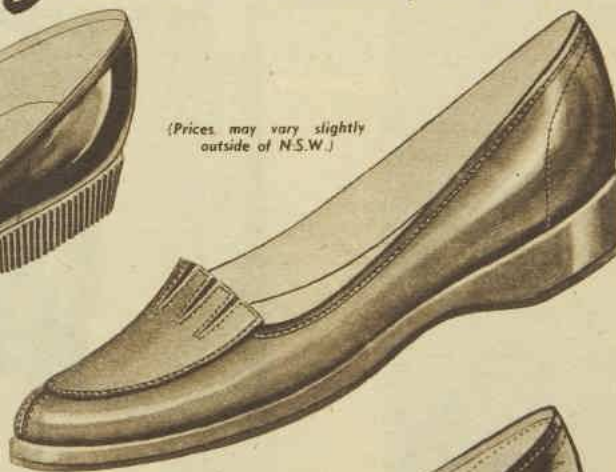
Smart, comfortable leather casual in Polished Pine and Black. All leather sole.

39/11

### Bramby

Leather casual with gusset insert. Colours: Cinnamon, Mountie Red and Black. All leather sole.

39/11



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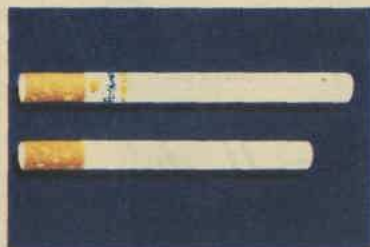


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BETTA SHOE FACTORY PTY. LTD., 10 CAIRO STREET, ROCKDALE, N.S.W.

Betta





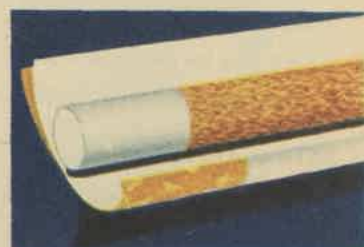
#### Compare the Smoothness

Any King Size cigarette is a better smoke than any short cigarette because the extra length travels the smoke further, makes it cooler, milder. In Rothmans King Size Filter the extra length brings you the extra flavour and satisfaction of Rothmans' better tobaccos at their coolest and smoothest best.



#### Compare the Flavour

The best tobaccos give you the best smoke, and Rothmans is famous for paying top price, year after year, at tobacco auctions where the world's best quality leaf is offered for sale. The costly Virginia tobaccos used in Rothmans King Size Filter are the finest money can buy.



#### Compare the Filter

Rothmans' finer filter is made in Rothmans' Australian plant from material imported, under special licence, from Tennessee, U.S.A. Over 5,000 inches of pure cellulose fibre strands are used in every cigarette to give you perfect filtration and to enhance the flavour of the world's best tobaccos.

**Rothmans King Size really satisfies**



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## New **MUM** Stick Deodorant checks perspiration too



### EXTRA PROTECTION

Completely protects personal freshness and keeps under-arms dainty 24 hours a day—because it's not only the perfect deodorant, it checks perspiration too.

### EXTRA APPEAL

It's ice-pink, cool, refreshing, in a fashionable "young-look" pack.

### EXTRA VALUE

Gives more for your money of the finest stick deodorant on the market . . . a full one-ounce stick for just 6/3.

### EXTRA QUALITY

Does not crumble . . . holds its perfect consistency to the last. Always bland and gentle; absolutely safe for any normal skin . . . and cannot damage the finest fabrics.

ICE-PINK

# MUM

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



## Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

[from page 38]

muscular and his hair thick and glossy.

He was infinitely more vivid than his companion, whose baby-faced petulance, Alleyn felt, was probably the outward wall of the conventional house-master. He caught himself up. "Conventional?" Was Mr. Merryman the too-familiar pedant who cultivates the eccentric to compensate himself for the deadly boredom of scholastic routine? Alleyn took himself mildly to task for indulgence in idle speculation and looked elsewhere.

Dr. Timothy Makepiece stood over Brigid Carmichael with the slightly mulish air of a young Englishman in the early stages of an attraction. Alleyn noted the formidable lines of Dr. Makepiece's jaw and mouth, and, being at the moment interested in hands, the unusual length of the fingers.

Miss Abbott sat by herself on a settee against the wall. She was reading. The hands that held her neatly covered book were large and muscular. Her face, he reflected, would have been not unhandsome if it had been only slightly less inflexible and if there had not been the suggestion of — what was it? — harshness? — about the jaw.

AS for Aubyn Dale, there he was, with Mrs. Dillington-Blick, who had set herself up with him hard by the little bar. When she saw Alleyn she beckoned gaily to him. She was busy establishing a coterie. As Alleyn joined them Aubyn Dale laid a large, beautifully tended hand over hers and burst into a peal of all-too-infectious laughter. "What a perfectly marvellous person you are!" he cried boyishly, and appealed to Alleyn: "Isn't she wonderful?"

Alleyn agreed fervently and offered them liqueurs.

"You took the words out of my mouth, dear boy," Dale exclaimed.

"I oughtn't to!" Mrs. Dillington-Blick protested. "I'm on an inquisitorial diet!" She awarded her opulence a downward glance and Alleyn an upward one. She raised her eyebrows. "My dear!" she cried. "You can see for yourself. I oughtn't."

"But you're going to," he rejoined, and the drinks were served by the ubiquitous Dennis, who had appeared behind the bar. Mrs. Dillington-Blick, with a meaning look at Dale, said that if she put on another ounce she would never get into her Jolyon swimsuit, and they began to talk about his famous session on commercial television. It appeared that when he visited America and did a specially sponsored half-hour he had been supported by a great mass of superb models all wearing Jolyon swimsuits. His hands eloquently sketched their curves. He leaned towards Mrs. Dillington-Blick and whispered. Alleyn noticed the slight puffiness under his eyes and the blurring weight of flesh beneath the inconsiderable jaw which formerly his beard had hidden. "Is this the face," Alleyn asked himself, "that launched a thousand hips?" and wondered why.

"You haven't forgotten the flowers?" Mrs. Dillington-Blick asked Dennis, and he assured her that he hadn't.

"As soon as I've a spare sec I'll pop away and fetch them," he promised, and smiled archly.

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

at Alleyn. "They're all chosen and ready."

As Aubyn Dale's conversation with Mrs. Dillington-Blick tended to get more and more confidential, Alleyn felt himself at liberty to move away. At the far end of the lounge Mr. Merryman was talking excitedly to Father Jourdain, who had begun to look uncomfortable. He caught Alleyn's eye and nodded pleasantly. Alleyn dodged round the Cuddys and Mr. McAngus and bypassed Miss Abbott. There was a settee near the far end, but as he made for it Father Jourdain said, "Do come and join us. These chairs are much more comfortable and we'd like to introduce ourselves."

Alleyn said, "I should be delighted," and introductions were made. Mr. Merryman looked sharply at him over the tops of his spectacles and said, "How do you do, sir." He added astonishingly: "I perceived that you were effecting an escape from what was no doubt an excruciating situation."

"I?" Alleyn said. "I don't quite—"

"The sight," Mr. Merryman continued in none too quiet a voice, "of yonder popinjay ruffling his dubious plumage at the bar is singular distasteful to me and no doubt intolerable to you."

"Oh, come!" Father Jourdain protested.

Alleyn said, "He's not as bad as all that, is he?"

"You know who he is, of course."

"Yes, indeed."

"Yes, yes," said Father Jourdain. "We know. Shh!"

"Have you witnessed his weekly exhibitions of indecent exposure on the television?"

"I'm not much of a viewer," Alleyn said.

"Ah! You show your good judgment. As an underpaid pedagogue it has been my hideous lot to sit on Tuesday evenings among upper-middle-class adolescents of low intelligence, 'looking in' (loathsome phrase) at this man's antics. Let me tell you what he does, sir. He advertises women's bathing clothes, and to this end he incites — arrogant presumption — he incites members of the public to bring their troubles to him! And the fools do! Conceive!"

Mr. Merryman invited: "Picture to yourself! A dupe is discovered, his back (or much more often hers) to the camera. Out of focus, unrecognisable, therefore. Facing this person and us, remorselessly illuminated, enthroned and elevated in blasphemous (you will appreciate that in clerical company I use the adjective advisedly) in blasphemous supremacy is or was the countenance you see before you, but garnished with a hirsute growth which lent it a wholly spurious distinction."

Alleyn glanced with amusement at Mr. Merryman and thought what bad luck it was for him that he was unable to give visual expression to his spleen. For all the world he looked like an indignant baby.

"If you will believe me," he continued angrily whispering, "a frightful process known as 'talking it over' now intervenes. The subject discloses to That Person, and to however many thousands of listening observers there may be, some intimate predicament of her (it is, I repeat, usually a woman) private life. He then propounds a solution, is thanked, applauded, preens himself, and is presented

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with a fresh sacrifice. Now! what do you think of that?" whispered Mr. Merryman.

"I think it all sounds very embarrassing," Alleyn said.

Father Jourdain made a comically despairing face at him. "Let's talk about something else," he suggested. "You were saying, Mr. Merryman, that the psychopathic murderer—"

"You heard, of course," Mr. Merryman remorselessly interrupted, "what an exhibition he made of himself at a later assemblage. 'Lady Agatha's umbrilous globular,'" he quoted, and broke into a shrill laugh.

"You know," Father Jourdain remarked, "I'm on holiday, and honestly don't want to start throwing my priestly weight about."

Before Mr. Merryman could reply he raised his voice a little and added, "To go back, as somebody was it Humpty Dumpty said, to the last conversation but one, I'm immensely interested in what you were saying about criminals of the Heath type. What was the book you recommended? By an American psychiatrist, I think you said."

Mr. Merryman muttered diffidly, "I don't recollect."

Alleyn asked, "Not, by any chance, 'The Show of Violence,' by Frederic Wertham?"

Father Jourdain turned to him with unconcealed relief. "Ah!" he said. "You're an addict, too, and a learned one, evidently."

"Not I. The merest amateur. Why, by the way, is everybody so fascinated by crimes of violence?" He looked at Father Jourdain. "What do you think, sir?"

Father Jourdain hesitated and Mr. Merryman cut in.

"I am persuaded," he said, "that people read about murder as an alternative to committing it."

"A safety valve?" Alleyn suggested.

"A conversion. The so-called anti-social urge is fed into a socially acceptable channel: we thus commit our crimes of violence at a safe remove. We are all," Mr. Merryman said tranquilly, folding his hands over his stomach, "savages at

## Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

(from page 40)

heart." He seemed to have recovered his good humor.

"Do you agree?" Alleyn asked Father Jourdain.

"I fancy," he rejoined, "that Mr. Merryman is talking about something I call original sin. If he is, I do of course agree."

An accidental silence had fallen on the little assembly. Into this silence with raised voice, as a stone into a pool, Alleyn dropped his next remark.

"Take, for instance, this stranger—the man who 'saves it with'—what are they? Roses? What, do you suppose, is behind all that?"

The silence continued for perhaps five seconds.

Miss Abbott said, "Not roses. Hyacinths. Flowers of several kinds."

She had lifted her gaze from her book and fixed it on Mrs. Dillington-Blick. "Hot-house flowers," she said. "It being winter. The first time it was snowdrops, I believe."

"And the second," Mr. Merryman said, "hyacinths."

Aubyn Dale cleared his throat.

"Ah, yes!" Alleyn said. "I remember now. Hyacinths."

"Isn't it awful?" Mrs. Cuddy gloated.

"Shocking," Mr. Cuddy agreed. "Hyacinths! Fancy!"

Mr. McAngus said gently, "Poor things."

Mr. Merryman, with the falsely innocent air of a child that knows it's being naughty, asked loudly, "Hasn't there been something on television about these flowers? Something rather ludicrous? Of what can I be thinking?"

Everybody avoided looking at Aubyn Dale, but not even Father Jourdain found anything to say.

It was at this juncture that Dennis staggered into the room with a vast basket of flowers, which he set down on the central table.

"Hyacinths!" Mrs. Cuddy shrilly pointed out. "What a coincidence!"

It was one of those naive arrangements which can give

nothing but pleasure to the person who receives them unless, of course, that person is allergic to scented flowers. The hyacinths were rooted and blooming in a mossy bed. They trembled slightly with the motion of the ship, shook out their incongruous fragrance and filled the smoking-room with reminiscences of the more expensive kinds of shops, restaurants, and women.

Dennis fell back a pace to admire them.

"Thank you, Dennis," Mrs. Dillington-Blick said.

"It's a pleasure, Mrs. Dil-



lington-Blick," he rejoined. "Aren't they gorgeous?"

He retired behind the bar. The passengers stared at the growing flowers and the flowers, quivering, laid upon them a further burden of sweetness.

Mrs. Dillington-Blick explained hurriedly, "There isn't room for all one's flowers in one's cabin. I thought we'd enjoy them together."

Alleyn said, "But what a charming gesture." And was barely supported by a dilatory murmur.

Brigid agreed quickly, "Isn't it? Thank you so much, they're quite lovely."

Tim Makepiece murmured.

"What nice manners you've got, Grandmama."

"I do hope," Mrs. Dillington-Blick said, "that nobody finds the scent too much. Me, I simply wallow in it."

She turned to Aubyn Dale. He rejoined, "But of course. You're so wonderfully exotic." Mr. Merryman snorted.

Mrs. Cuddy said loudly, "I'm afraid we're going to be spoilsports. Mr. Cuddy can't stay in the same room with flowers that have a heavy perfume. He's allergic to them."

"Oh, I am so sorry," Mrs. Dillington-Blick cried. "Then, of course, they must go." She waved her hands helplessly.

"I'm sure there's no need for that," Mrs. Cuddy announced. "We don't want to make things uncomfortable. We were going to take a turn on deck anyway. Weren't we, dear?"

Alleyn asked, "Do you suffer from hay fever, Mr. Cuddy?"

Mrs. Cuddy answered for her husband, "Not exactly hay fever, is it, dear? He just comes over queer."

"Extraordinary," Alleyn murmured.

"Well, it's quite awkward sometimes."

"At weddings and funerals, for instance, it must be."

"Well, on our silver wedding some of the gentlemen from Mr. Cuddy's lodge brought us a gorgeous mixed booky of hot-house flowers and he had to say how much he appreciated it and all the time he was feeling peculiar and when they'd gone he said, 'I'm sorry, Mum, but it's me or the book,' and we live opposite a hospital so he took them across and had to go for a long walk afterwards to get over it, didn't you, dear?"

"Your silver wedding," Alleyn said, and smiled at Mrs. Cuddy. "You're not going to tell us you've been married twenty-five years!"

"Twenty-five years and eleven days to be exact. Haven't we, dear?"

"That's correct, dear."

"He's turning color," Mrs.

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## Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

[from page 41]

Cuddy said, exhibiting her husband with an air of triumph. "Come on, love. Walky-walky." Mr. Cuddy seemed unable to look away from Mrs. Dillington-Blick. He said, "I don't notice the perfume too heavy. It isn't affecting me."

"That's what you say," his wife replied, ominously bluff. "You come into the fresh air, my man." She took his arm and turned him towards the glass doors that gave on to the deck.

She opened them. Cold salt air poured into the heated room, and the sound of the sea and of the ship's engines. The Cuddys went out. Mr. Cuddy shut the doors and could be seen looking back into the room. His wife removed him and they walked away, their grey hair lifting in the wind.

"They'll die of cold," Brigid exclaimed. "No coats or hats."

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Dillington-Blick lamented and appealed in turn to the men. "And I expect it's all my fault." They murmured severally.

Mr. McAngus, who had peeped into the passage, confessed, "It's all right. They've come in by the side door and I think they've gone to their cabin." He sniffed timidly at the flowers, gave a small apologetic laugh, and made a little bobbing movement to and from Mrs. Dillington-Blick. "I think we're almost awfully lucky," he ventured. He then went out into the passage, putting on his hat as he did so.

"That poor creature dyes its hair," Mr. Merryman observed calmly.

"Oh, come!" Father Jourdain protested, and gave Alleyn a helpless look. "I seem," he said under his breath, "to be saying nothing but 'Oh, come!' A maddening observation."

Mrs. Dillington-Blick blossomed at Mr. Merryman: "Aren't you naughty!" She laughed and appealed to Aubyn Dale: "Not true. Is it?"

"I honestly can't see, you know, that if he does dye his hair it's anybody's business but his," Dale said, and gave Mr. Merryman his celebrated smile. "Can you?" he said.

"I entirely agree with you," Mr. Merryman rejoined, grinning like a monkey. "I must apologise. In point of fact, I abominate the public elucidation of private foibles."

Dale turned pale and said nothing. "Let us talk about flowers instead," Mr. Merryman suggested, and beamed through his spectacles upon the company.

Mrs. Dillington-Blick at once began to do so. She was supported, unexpectedly, by Miss Abbott. Evidently they were both experienced gardeners. Dale listened with a stationary smile. Alleyn saw him order himself a second double brandy.

"I suppose," Alleyn remarked generally, "everybody has a favorite flower."

Mrs. Dillington-Blick moved into a position from which she could see him. "Hullo, you!" she exclaimed jollily. "But of course they have. Mine's magnolia."

"What are yours?" Tim Makepiece asked Brigid.

"Distressingly obvious — roses."

"Lilies," Father Jourdain smiled, "which may also be obvious."

"Easter?" Miss Abbott barked.

"Exactly."

"What about you?" Alleyn asked Tim.

"The hop," he said cheerfully.

Alleyn grinned. "There you are. It's all a matter of association. Mine's lilac, and throws back to a pleasant childhood memory. But if beer happened to make you sick, or my nanny, whom I detested, had worn lilac in her nanken bosom or Father Jourdain associated

lilies with death, we'd have all hated the sight and smell of these respective flowers."

Mr. Merryman looked with pity at him. "Not," he said, "a remarkably felicitous exposition of a somewhat elementary proposition, but, as far as it goes, unexceptionable."

Alleyn bowed. "Have you, sir," he asked, "a preference?"

"None, none. The topic, I confess, does not excite me."

"I think it's a heavenly topic," Mrs. Dillington-Blick cried. "But then I adore finding out about people and their preferences." She turned to Dale and at once his smile reprinted itself. "Tell me your taste in flowers," she said, "and I'll tell you your type in ladies. Come clean now. Your favorite flower? Or shall I guess?"

"Agapanthus?" Mr. Merryman loudly suggested. Dale clapped his glass down on the bar and walked out of the room.

"Now look here, Mr. Merryman!" Father Jourdain said, and rose to his feet.

Mr. Merryman opened his eyes very wide and pursed his lips. "What's up?" he asked.

"You know perfectly well what's up. You're an extremely naughty little man, and although it's none of my business I think fit to tell you so."

**F**AR from disconcerting Mr. Merryman, this more or less public rebuke appeared to afford him enjoyment. He clapped his hands lightly, slapped them on his knees, and broke into elfish laughter.

"If you'll take my advice," Father Jourdain continued, "you will apologise to Mr. Dale."

Mr. Merryman rose, bowed, and observed in an extremely highfalutin manner, "Consilia firmiora sunt de divinis locis" (The best advice comes from divine sources).

The priest turned red.

Alleyn, who didn't see why Mr. Merryman should be allowed to make a corner in pedantry, racked his own brains for a suitable tag. "Consilium inveniunt multi sed docti explicant (Many people give advice but the learned explain it), however," he said.

"Dear me!" Mr. Merryman observed. "How often one has cause to remark that a platitude sounds none the better for being uttered in an antique tongue. I shall now address myself to my postprandial nap."

He trotted towards the door, paused for a moment to stare at Mrs. Dillington-Blick's pearls, and then went out.

"For pity's sake!" she ejaculated. "What is all this? What's happening? What's the matter with Aubyn Dale? Why agapanthus?"

"Can it be possible," Tim Makepiece said, "that you don't know about Lady Agatha's umbilicus globular, and he retold the story of Aubyn Dale's misfortunes."

"How frightful!" Mrs. Dillington-Blick exclaimed, laughing until she cried. "How too tragically frightful! And how naughty of Mr. Merryman."

Tim Makepiece said, "We don't 'all' look like being a happy family. What will Mr. Chips' form be, one asks oneself, when he enters the Torrid Zone?"

"He may look like Mr. Chips," Alleyn remarked. "He behaves like Therites."

Brigid said, "I call it the rock-bottom of him. You could see Aubyn Dale minded most dreadfully. He went as white as his teeth. What could have possessed Mr. Chips?"

"Schoolmaster," Miss Abbott said, scarcely glancing up from

her book. "They often turn sour at his age. It's the life."

She had been quiet for so long they had forgotten her. "That's right," she continued, "isn't it, Father?"

"It may possibly, I suppose, be a reason. It's certainly not an excuse."

"I think," Mrs. Dillington-Blick lamented, "I'd better throw my lovely hyacinths overboard, don't you?" She appealed to Father Jourdain. "Wouldn't it be best? It's not only poor Mr. Dale."

"No," Brigid agreed. "Mr. Cuddy, we must remember, comes over queer at the sight of them."

"Mr. Cuddy," Miss Abbott observed, "came over queer, but not, in my opinion, at the sight of the hyacinths." She lowered her book and looked steadily at Mrs. Dillington-Blick.

"My dear!" Mrs. Dillington-Blick rejoined, and began to laugh again.

"Well!" Father Jourdain said with the air of a man who refuses to recognise his nose before his face. "I think I shall see what it's like on deck."

Mrs. Dillington-Blick stood between him and the double doors and he was quite close to her. She beamed up at him. His back was turned to Alleyn. He was still for a moment and then she moved aside and he went out. There was a brief silence.

Mrs. Dillington-Blick turned to Brigid.

"My dear!" she confided. "I've got that man. He's a reformed rake."

Mr. McAngus re-entered from the passage still wearing his hat. He smiled diffidently at his five fellow passengers.

"All settling down?" he ventured, evidently under a nervous compulsion to make some general remark.

"Like birds in their little nest," Alleyn agreed cheerfully.

"Isn't it delicious," Mr. McAngus said, heartened by this response, "to think that from now on it's going to get warmer and warmer and warmer?"

"Absolutely enchanting," Mr. McAngus made the little chase with which they were all to become familiar, before the basket of hyacinths.

"Quite intoxicating," he said. "They are my favorite flowers."

"Are they!" cried Mrs. Dillington-Blick. "Then do, please, please have them. Please do. Dennis will take them to your room. Mr. McAngus, I should adore you to have them."

He gazed at her in what seemed to be a flutter of bewildered astonishment. "I?" Mr. McAngus said. "But why? I beg your pardon, but it's so very kind, and positively I can't believe you mean it."

"But I do, indeed. Please have them."

Mr. McAngus hesitated and stammered. "I'm quite overcome. Of course I should be delighted." He gave a little giggle and tilted his head over to one side. "Do you know," he said, "this is the first occasion, the very first, on which a lady has ever, of her own free will, offered me her flowers? And my favorites, too. Thank you. Thank you very much indeed."

Alleyn saw that Mrs. Dillington-Blick was touched by this speech. She smiled kindly and unprovocatively at him and Brigid laughed gently.

"I'll carry them myself," Mr. McAngus said. "Of course I will. I shall put them on my little table and they'll be reflected in my looking-glass."

"Lucky man!" Alleyn said lightly.

"Indeed, yes. May I, really?" he asked. Mrs. Dillington-Blick nodded gaily and he advanced to the table and grasped the enormous basket with his reddish bony hands. He was an

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extremely thin man and, Alleyn thought, very much older than his strange nut-brown hair would suggest.

"Let me help you," Alleyn offered.

"No, no! I'm really very strong, you know. Wiry."

He lifted the basket and staggered on bent legs with it to the door. Here he turned, a strange figure, his felt hat tilted over his nose, blinking above a welter of quivering hyacinths.

"I shall think of something to give you," he promised Mrs. Dillington-Blick, "after Las Palmas. There must be a reciprocal gesture."

He went groggily away.

"He may dye his hair a screaming magenta if he chooses," Mrs. Dillington-Blick said. "He's a sweetie-pie."

From behind her covered book Miss Abbott remarked in that not very musical voice, "Meanwhile we await his reciprocal gesture. After Las Palmas."

Alleyn sat in the pilot's cabin looking at his file of the case in question. Captain Bannerman was on the bridge outside. At regular intervals he marched past Alleyn's porthole. The weather, as Mr. McAngus had predicted, was getting warmer, and in two days Cape Infanta would sight Las Palmas. She steamed now through a heavy swell. A tendency to yawn, a doze, and swap panaceas against seasickness had broken out among the passengers.

January 15th. 13 Hop Lane, Paddington (Alleyn read). Beryl Cohen. Jewess. Cheapjack. Showy. Handsome. About 26. Five feet 6 inches. Full figure. Red (dyed) hair. Black skirt. Red jersey. Artificial necklace (green glass). Found January 16th, 10.05 a.m., by fellow lodger. Estimated time of death: between 10 and 11 p.m. previous night. On floor, face upward. Broken necklace. Flowers (snowdrops) on face and breast. Cause: manual strangulation but necklace probably first. Lodger states she heard visitor leave about 10.45. Singing. "Jewel

## Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

Song, "Faust." High-pitched male voice. A detailed description of the room followed. He skipped it and read on.

January 25th. Alleyway off Ladysmith Crescent, Fulham. Marguerite Slatters, of 36A Stackhouse Street, Fulham, London. Floral worker. Respectable. Quiet. Thirty-seven. Five feet 8 inches. Slight. Homely. Dark brown hair. Sallow complexion. Brown dress. Artificial pearls and teeth. Brown beret, gloves, and

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between sheds, Cape Company's No. 2 Wharf, Royal Albert Dock. Coralie Kraus, of 16 Steep Lane, Hampstead. Assistant at Green Thumb, Knightsbridge. Eighteen. Naturalised Austrian. Lively. Well conducted. Five feet 4½ inches. Fair hair. Pale complexion. Purple dress, gloves, and shoes. No hat. Pink artificial jewellery. (Earrings, bracelet, necklace, clips.) Taking

man) except Mr. Donald McAngus, who arrived last. Alleyn shook his head, pulled towards him a half-finished letter to his wife, and after a moment continued it:

"... so instead of drearily mulling over these grisly, meagre, and infuriating bits of information received, I offer them, my darling, to you, together with any developments that may, as Fox says in his more esoteric flights of fancy, accrue. There they are, then, and for the first time you will have the fun of following a case as it develops from the casebook. The form, I suppose, is to ask oneself what these three wretched young women had in common, and the answer is: very nearly damn all, unless you feel inclined to pay any attention to the fact that, in common with ninety per cent. of their fellow females, they all wore false jewellery. Otherwise, they couldn't physically, racially, or morally be less like one another. On the other hand, they all met their death in exactly the same fashion and each was left with her broken necklace and ghastly little floral tribute. By the way, I imagine I've spotted one point of resemblance which didn't at first jump to the eye. Wonder if you have?"

"As for the fragment of embarkation notice in Miss Kraus' right hand, that's all I've got to justify my taking this pleasure cruise, and if it was blowing about the wharf and she merely happened to clutch it in her death throes it'll be another case of public money wasted. The captain, egged on by me, got the steward (a queer little job called Dennis) to collect the embarkation notices as if it was the usual procedure. With this result:

"Mrs. Dillington-Blick: Has lost it.

"Mr. and Mrs. Cuddy: Joint one. Names written in. Just possible he could have fiddled in 'Mr. &' when he found he'd

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"Would you mind winding up this game, ma'am? Visiting hours are nearly over."

shoes. Returning home from St. Barnabas' Parish Church. Found 11.55 by Stanley Walker, chauffeur. Estimated time of death between 9 and 12 p.m. By doorstep of empty garage. Face upward. Broken necklace. Torn dress. Manual strangulation. Flowers (hyacinths) on face and breast. Had no flowers when last seen alive.

Alleyn sighed and looked up. Captain Bannerman bobbed past the porthole. The ship was heaved upward and forward, the horizon tilted, rose, and sank.

February 4th. Passageway

box of hyacinths to Mrs. Dillington-Blick, passenger, Cape Infanta. Found 11.48 p.m. by P.C. Martin Moir. Body warm. Death estimated between 11.15 and 11.48 p.m. Face upward. Stocking torn. Jewellery broken. Ears torn. Manual strangulation. Fragment of embarkation notice for S.S. Cape Infanta in right hand. Flowers (hyacinths) on face and breast. Seaman (on duty, Cape Infanta gangway) mentioned hearing high male voice singing. Very foggy conditions. All passengers went ashore. (ref. above sea-

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A careful mother like you makes sure that any children's laxative is medically recommended. That's why, when Nature forgets, you remember Laxettes. You know that Laxettes are scientifically made, specially for your children.



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Each chocolate square contains an exact dose of phenolphthalein — the safest, surest laxative known. Laxettes never cause griping or tummy upsets. You cannot overdose. They don't form a habit. And children need no persuading . . . there is no taste but the chocolate. When your children are sick, bilious, off their food through constipation, give them Laxettes, and make them better overnight. Buy a box, 2/9 today.

## Don't let your hands say 'Housework'!

Keep your hands romantically lovely

After household tasks and all outdoor sports, smooth on Softasilk Cream or Lotion and keep your hands romantically lovely. Rich, protective oils in Softasilk neutralise the drying effect of harsh soaps and detergents and prevent wind and weather chapping. Use fragrant, creamy Softasilk constantly . . . and then your hands will stay soft and smooth as silk!



**SOFTASILK PROTECTS AND BEAUTIFIES IN SO MANY WAYS**

- No more rough red hands
- No dryness caused by harsh washing soaps
- No wind and weather chapping
- No coarse elbows
- No hard skin on palms and fingers

**Softasilk**



FABULOUS HAND BEAUTY CREAM OR LOTION ★ 3/9 per bottle ★ Small tube, 2/3 ★ Large tube, 3/- ★ Economy tube, 3/11

BUY THE BIG ECONOMY TUBE AND SAVE MONEY!



# KRAFT **YOUNG-AUSSIE LUNCH**

*Simple new meal gives your children vital midday nourishment*

This is the "YOUNG AUSSIE" LUNCH

- Kraft Cheddar and Vegemite sandwiches.
- An orange or an apple.
- ½ pint of fresh milk.

This is a **balanced** meal with all the important food elements growing children need.



## Most nutritious . . . most popular school meal of the year

Your youngsters won't want to "swap" with playmates when they unwrap their "Young Aussie" lunchpacks and find a feast of goodness.

Lunch is the most important meal of the day for active schoolchildren. It must sustain them through afternoon classwork and after-school play.

Introduce your youngsters to the "Young Aussie" lunch — a powerpack of balanced nutrition.

Essential ingredients are the good companions Kraft Cheddar and Vegemite — the milk and yeast foods. Use them singly or together in sandwiches — easy to combine with other sandwich fillings, too.

Kraft Cheddar gives protein and calcium for healthy flesh, bones and teeth.

Vegemite gives Vitamins B<sub>1</sub> and B<sub>2</sub>, and Niacin, for sound nerves, good digestion and energy.

All these concentrated food values, plus the bulk and nutriment of fresh fruit and fresh milk, make the "Young Aussie" lunch a square meal that youngsters love. Give your young Aussies the Kraft "Young Aussie" lunch today.



**K KRAFT** — world-famous for fine foods



# To transform the homely scone

By LEILA C. HOWARD,  
our food and cookery  
expert

● Most housewives can make good scones, but many do not realise that a scone mixture is one of the most adaptable of all recipes.

SCONES can be sweet or savory, a gourmet special or a budget dish, served hot or cold at any hour of the day. They can be a meal in themselves, or can be an accompaniment to meats, fish, vegetables, or desserts.

All that is necessary to make a successful batch of scones is to measure the ingredients, follow the recipe method carefully, mix with a light hand, and cook in a hot oven.

Below is a simple, basic scone recipe, and other recipes showing how it can be adapted and varied. All spoon measurements are level, and quantities are sufficient to serve four.

## BASIC SCONES RECIPE

Eight ounces self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1oz. butter or margarine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk or milk and water mixture, extra flour, glazing of melted butter, egg, or milk.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter with tips of the fingers. Add almost all the milk all at once, then sufficient to mix to a fairly soft dough. Turn on to a floured board and knead lightly until outside is smooth. Roll or pat out to  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thickness, cut into required size, and place on greased shallow-sided tray. Brush tops with glazing, bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes.

## SIMPLE VARIATIONS

**Crusted Orange Scones:** Add a little orange rind and sugar to basic mixture and press piece of loaf sugar dipped into orange juice on top of each scone before baking.

**Anchovy Scones:** Cream equal amount of anchovy paste with the butter before rubbing into flour of basic mixture. Add pinch of cayenne and lemon juice for extra flavor.

**Marmalade Gems:** Add a little extra milk or beaten egg to basic recipe so the dough is softer. Place one heaped teaspoon into heated greased gem-irons, then one spoonful of marmalade in centre, and another of scone dough. Alternatively, spoon marmalade over gems while they are piping hot.

**Cheese Scones:** Extra seasoning such as white or cayenne pepper can be sifted with the flour and 1oz. of well-flavored grated cheese added after rubbing in the butter.

**Honey Treats:** Add 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind to basic flour quantity and mix  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup honey, 1 egg, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk together for the liquid measurement.

**Cheese-n-Celery Scones:** Make cheese scones to which a little grated celery or celery salt has been added, and pierce tops with a tiny celery curl before serving.

**Puftaloons:** Make sweet scone dough slightly softer than usual and drop into pan of hot fat instead of baking. Toss in sugar and cinnamon mixture while hot and serve with golden syrup or honey.

## BUTTERSCOTCH NUT WHIRLS

Double quantity basic scone mixture, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 2 teaspoons white sugar, 2oz. butter, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 cup raisins,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped walnuts,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup walnut halves.

Make up basic scone mixture, adding spice and white sugar to the flour and butter mixture. Roll out to thin oblong shape. Cream



MOUTH-WATERING SECTIONS of butterscotch and walnut-flavored scones, served hot or cold, will bring exclamations of delight from all who taste them. See recipe for these and other delicious sweet and savory scone dishes on this page.

## LENTEN CURRY WITH PUMPKIN SCONES

One tablespoon butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup minced onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 to 2 teaspoons curry powder, pinch ginger, 1 tablespoon chutney,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup each cooked carrots, turnips, parsnips, and peas,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated tasty cheese.

Melt butter, add minced onion, and steam without browning for 3 or 4 minutes. Add flour, curry powder, ginger, chutney, salt, and cayenne pepper. Stir over low heat until well blended and cooked. Pour on the milk and stir until sauce boils and thickens. Fold in cooked vegetables. Place in casserole, sprinkle with cheese, and reheat in hot oven.

**Pumpkin Scones:** Two cups self-raising flour, 1 cup cold mashed pumpkin, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 well-beaten egg, cayenne.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne, rub in butter. Stir in the mashed pumpkin and lemon rind and mix to a rather firm dough with egg (if pumpkin is dry a little milk may be

required). Turn on to floured board and roll about  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thickness. Cut into rounds, glaze, bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

## DEVILLED CORN ROLL

Two quantities basic scone mixture, 1 cup grated cheese, glazing, 2 cups shredded cooked or tinned corned meat,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon mustard.

Make up cheese-flavored scone dough and roll out to rectangular shape. Combine corned meat with sauce and mustard and spread over dough to within  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. of the edges. Glaze edges, roll up, and carefully lift on to baking tray. Glaze over top and sides. Slash at 2 in. intervals, and bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve with following sauce:

**Devilled Sauce:** Two ounces butter or margarine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped onion, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon mustard, salt, cayenne.

Melt butter or margarine and saute the onion until soft. Add remaining ingredients and simmer 20 minutes. Add a little stock or water to thin if necessary. Strain, serve.



# "Rinso keeps these cowboy clothes the brightest in the West!"

*Says Mrs. I. T. Robinson, of Como N.S.W.*



Busy children mean busy washdays... no wonder Mrs. Robinson is delighted with the results she gets every washday with Rinso's richer softer suds.



Mrs. Robinson is proud of her healthy, happy brood, but, she says, "When they're not playing cowboys, they're playing circuses or marbles."



"Imagine the grass-stained, muddy clothes I have to wash! But experience has taught me that rich, soft Rinso suds get everything bright and clean as new again."



"The whole family wash — from delicate fabrics to heavy things — comes out so fresh and sweet, I'd just never be without Rinso on washdays."



*Seven out of ten housewives will tell you...*

**RINSO'S RICHER SOFTER SUDS  
PUT BRAND-NEW BRIGHTNESS  
IN ALL YOUR WASH!**



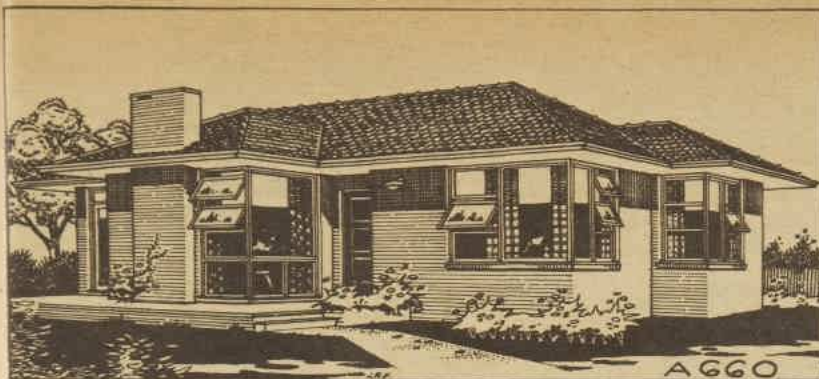
There's brand-new brightness in every Rinso wash you do... those active Rinso suds float out every speck of dirt and grime, leave coloureds brighter, whites dazzling. Yet Rinso suds are so mild they're safe for the most delicate fabrics — so kind to your hands!

And washing machine manufacturers are so sure of Rinso results that — one and all — they recommend Rinso for use in their machines, and they send a free packet with every washer sold. Depend on richer, softer Rinso suds to make a sparkling difference to *your* wash.

**RINSO IS THE ONLY PRODUCT RECOMMENDED BY THE MAKERS OF ALL WASHING MACHINES.**

Z.487.WWFPz





ALL MAJOR ROOMS in our home plan No. A660 have a front position when the house is built in the position sketched above. Glass doors open from both lounge and dining room to a terrace raised slightly above garden level. The abutting chimney is another angle of interest in the building line. There are plenty of windows.

## Versatile design suits wide or narrow block

• A broken building line with corner windows makes this week's "signature" home plan suitable for either a wide and shallow allotment or a long, narrow block.

THE ideal position for the home would be on a corner, because its appearance from both streets is equally attractive.

The architect, Mr. F. T. Humphrys, of Melbourne, has included in an overall area of 11 squares all the features that the home-builder of today looks for in a modern home at a reasonable price.

A sunroom or family utility room is repeatedly asked for by our readers. In this design the sunroom is well placed on a corner of the house.

Approximate costs of building this home would be:

In New South Wales: Brick, £4955; timber, £3715; fibro, £3485.

In Victoria: Brick, £4415; brick veneer, £3885; timber, £3185; fibro, £3015.

In South Australia: Brick, £3535; timber, £3245; asbestos, £3185.

In Queensland: Brick, £4935; timber, £3355; fibro, £3245.

In Tasmania: Brick, £4650; timber, £3350.

In Canberra: Brick, £5315; timber, £3825.

### Where to buy this plan

READERS can buy this plan at any of our Home Planning Centres, where a comprehensive service is offered to intending home-builders.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specifications. Fee, £7/7/- per set.

We publish a new standard plan each week. HOME PLAN LEAFLETS available at present are "22 Home Plans" and "21 Home Plans." Price 2/6 each, plus 4d. postage. Inquire at your nearest Home Planning Centre.

FREE ADVISORY SERVICE on any aspect of planning and decorating your new home is given.

PLANS ARE SPECIALLY PREPARED to any reader's individual requirements or design or can be modified from any of our standard plans. Fee, £1/1/- per square.

MAIL ORDERS should give the number of the design and should state the building material to be used. Please include fee.

Our Centres are in the following stores:

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

HOBART: FitzGerald's.

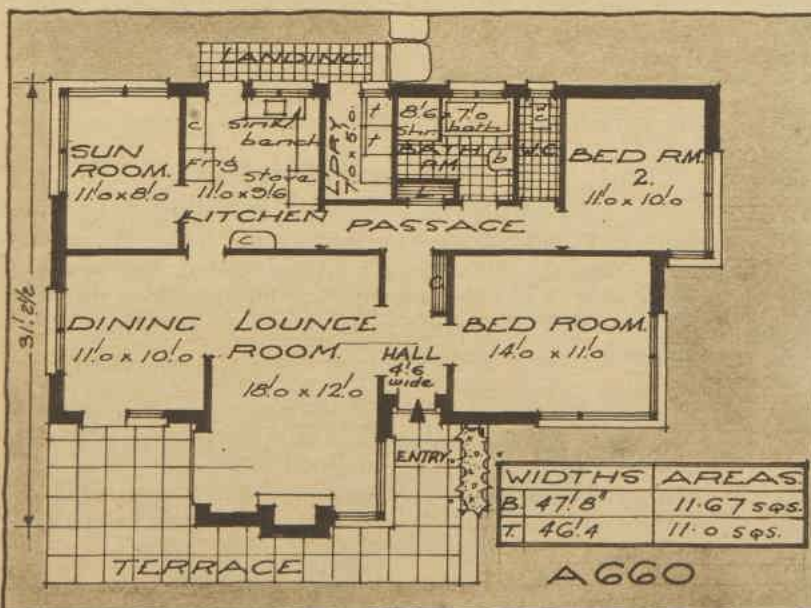
CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: Our representative attends the Myer Emporium every Friday and Saturday to advise on home plans.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's. Also at the Master Builders' Bureau at Miranda.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

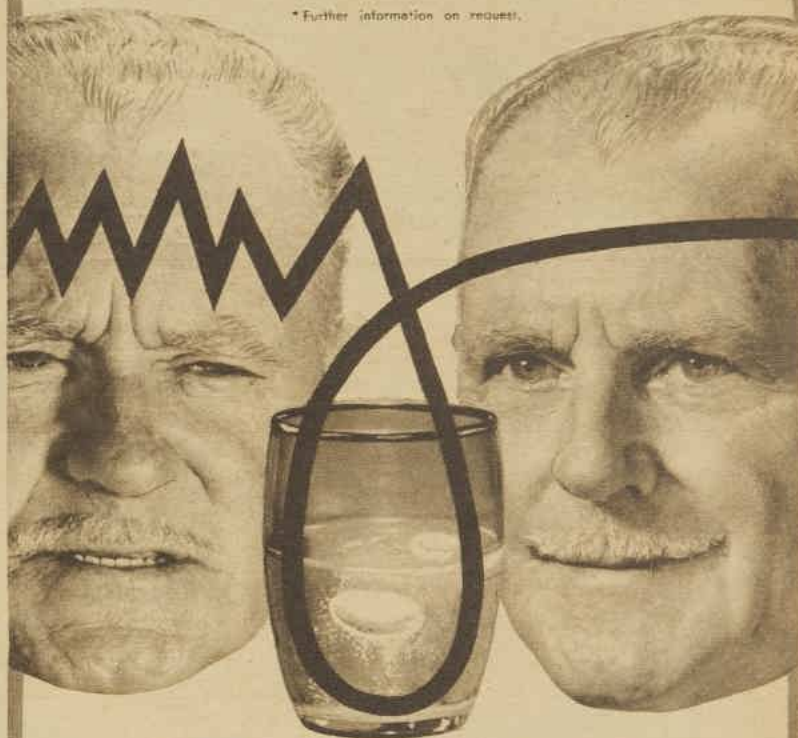


FLOOR LAYOUT of design. Direct rise into any room from the front entrance has been carefully avoided. Dining and lounge are separate rooms, but planned so there can be an easy flow of traffic in the event of large-scale entertaining. The kitchen is in a central position and close to the sunroom for supervision of children playing there.

## Stomach upset — a risk you take with ordinary aspirin

\*Medical experience has shown that aspirin causes stomach upset

\*Further information on request.



## DISPRIN

THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN

will not upset your stomach  
relieves pain fast

HERE'S WHAT THIS MEANS TO YOU: Ordinary aspirin does not readily dissolve—it merely breaks up into coarse acid particles. Medical experience shows that these particles of aspirin can lodge in and irritate the stomach lining—a cause of serious conditions in some people. Others can suffer symptoms of irritation, such as indigestion, dyspepsia and heartburn.

But Disprin dissolves in seconds to become a solution in your stomach. No irritation of the stomach lining occurs. And Disprin is far less acid. That's why Disprin is the safe, fast way to relieve headache and pain.

You'll find your doctor will recommend Disprin, too.

### PERIOD PAINS

Disprin at such times is a blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack in your handbag.

### SAFE FOR CHILDREN

Because Disprin dissolves and is far less acid it is much safer for children. It can easily be given as a drink.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS



DOCTORS RECOMMEND

## DISPRIN

THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN

For Headaches, Feverishness, Nerve Pains, Colds, Chills, 'Flu.

Reckitt & Colman (Australia) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Division). Sydney



# a VALENTINE for you



## VALENTINE MOULD—6 servings

- |                                   |                                     |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 envelope or                     | 2 bananas.                          |
| 3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine.       | $\frac{1}{2}$ large can unsweetened |
| 3 tablespoons hot water;          | evaporated milk (chilled).          |
| 16-oz. can strawberries (chilled) | Vanilla essence.                    |
| or raspberries.                   |                                     |

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, stand container in hot water. Drain syrup from strawberries; add 2 tablespoons hot gelatine to the syrup, mix well. Place a very little in the bottom of a heart-shaped mould, chill slightly. Arrange some strawberries and slices of banana to cover, add more syrup mixture to hold in position. Chill, add remainder of dissolved gelatine to syrup—keep warm. Whip evaporated milk adding a few drops of vanilla and the syrup mixture. Continue whipping until thick. Fold the remainder of the strawberries through and place on top of the first layer. Chill. Serve with cream or ice cream.

## LITTLE SWEETHEARTS

- |                                 |                              |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 envelope or                   | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water. |
| 3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine.     | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.     |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water.   | 1 tablespoon lemon juice.    |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice. | 2 cups strawberries.         |

Little grated rind.

Add gelatine to cold water. Add sugar to hot water, bring to boiling point, pour on to soaked gelatine, stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice, orange juice and rind. Prepare strawberries, cut into small pieces. Arrange in a shallow pan, cover with the orange mixture. Chill. To serve: Using a heart-shaped cutter dipped into hot water cut out little hearts and serve with cream or ice cream.

## PASSIONFRUIT SWANSDOWN—6 servings

- |                                |   |
|--------------------------------|---|
| 1 envelope or                  | Piece of thinly peeled lemon rind.                            |
| 3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine.    | 2 tablespoons lemon juice.                                    |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water.   | 2 eggs—yolks and whites separated.                            |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cold water. | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup passionfruit pulp. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. |

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Place cold water, sugar, lemon rind in saucepan. Stir till boiling, strain on to beaten egg yolks, add lemon juice and dissolved gelatine. Beat well, chill until just thickening, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and passionfruit. Place in a serving bowl. Chill. Decorate with whipped cream or ice cream.

## A useful cooking hint—

### MAKING CREAM GO FURTHER

Dissolve  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Davis Gelatine in 2 tablespoons hot water. Whip  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint chilled cream adding the dissolved gelatine little at a time. If liked, a beaten egg white may be folded through the mixture. This mixture is excellent for desserts or as a filling and topping for cakes.

Would you like more of these delicious recipes? Just send your name, address and a 4d. stamp for postage to Davis Gelatine and they will be delighted to send direct to you their attractively illustrated recipe book, "Desserts, Salads and Savoury Dishes the Davis Gelatine Way," in full colour completely free. Their address is:

Davis Gelatine Department "W"

G.P.O. Box 3583, Sydney. G.P.O. Box 4058, Melbourne.  
G.P.O. Box 758K, Brisbane. G.P.O. Box 712F, Adelaide.  
Box H588, G.P.O., Perth.



# MONEY FOR PEANUTS

## Big new cookery contest

• This week we begin a splendid new cookery contest for readers in which cash prizes totalling £1235 will be awarded for recipes containing peanuts.

The total prizemoney includes the Grand Champion Prize of £500 for the best recipe entered in the contest, and, in addition, first prizes of £100 in each of three sections.

OUR peanut recipe contest is now open, so you can start sending in your recipes today. You can enter as many recipes as you like in this interesting contest but remember that the one essential ingredient is peanuts or peanut products.

You may have a favorite recipe in which peanuts are

used. Why not enter it in this competition.

There are three sections in this contest. They are:

### Section 1: Cakes and Biscuits.

### Section 2: Desserts.

### Section 3: Miscellaneous

(including meat dishes, savories, sandwiches, etc.).

Enter a recipe in any or all of the three sections.

The Grand Champion Prize of £500 will be selected by our panel of judges as the best entered in the contest. It can come from any of the three sections.

Each section carries its own prizes, starting with a first prize of £100. Second prize in each section is £50, third prize is £20, and fourth is £5. There are also 30 consolation prizes of £1 each in each section.



In addition, weekly progress prizes of £5 each will be awarded in each section. These three progress prize-winners will be published weekly, starting in our issue of March 11, and continuing until our issue of April 29, when the contest will close.

All the main prizewinners will be announced in one of our issues appearing late in May, and the prizewinning recipes will appear in a special cookery section in color in a June issue.

### Still eligible

Winning the weekly progress prizes will not mean that these recipes are out of the running for the main prizes. They can still win one of the main prizes in their section, or even the Grand Champion Prize of £500.

Peanuts can be used in any form in this contest — either whole or crushed, or as a peanut product, such as peanut oil or peanut butter.

But please remember that peanut oil must be used as an ingredient in a recipe and

not merely to fry the completed dish.

To enter this contest, all you have to do is write your recipe or recipes clearly on a sheet of paper, attach your name and address to each sheet, mark the recipe according to its section (Cakes and Biscuits, Desserts, or Miscellaneous), and send it to Peanut Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

You can send in as many peanut recipes as you wish, but please write each one on a separate sheet of paper.

All entries will be opened and the recipes judged by The Australian Women's Weekly panel of food and cookery experts. Our judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

To simplify judging and testing of recipes, please use Australian standard weight or cup measures. Use level spoon measurements.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and members of their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

## PRIZE RECIPE

FIRST prize of £5 in our weekly Readers' Recipes contest was won by Mrs. A. Brown, 18 Balmain St., Woolloowin N.3, Brisbane.

Spoon measurements are level.

### CURRIED CHICKEN CROQUETTES

One tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1½ cups finely chopped cooked chicken, ¼ cup finely diced ham or sauteed bacon, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon curry powder, flour, egg-glazing, browned breadcrumbs.

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, cook 1 minute without browning. Add milk, stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens, simmer 3 minutes. Fold in chicken, ham, parsley, eggs, and curry powder; season to taste with salt and pepper. Mix well. Spread mixture on to flat plate to cool. Divide into eight even portions, make into pear shapes, using lightly floured hands. Dip in egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Deep fry until golden-brown. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

## £1235 IN PRIZES

HERE is the list of prizes to be awarded in our Peanut Recipe Contest:

**GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE (Best recipe entered in the contest) . . . . . £500**

**First Prize in each of the three sections . . . £100**

**Second Prize in each section . . . . . £50**

**Third Prize in each section . . . . . £20**

**Fourth Prize in each section . . . . . £5**

Thirty consolation prizes of £1 each will be awarded in each section. In addition, three £5 progress prizes will be awarded weekly.

**FREE!**

Get large trial size tube of

**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM**

**WORTH 1/9**

when you buy money-saving  
**ECONOMY SIZE!**



Just one brushing with Colgate Dental Cream

**CLEANS  
YOUR  
BREATH**



**WHILE IT  
CLEANS  
YOUR  
TEETH**



**STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST**

Colgate Dental Cream is Australia's largest—America's largest—the world's largest selling dental cream



Kayser, makers of fine lingerie  
and hosiery, say

# "Wash fine things in Lux because Lux is so safe"

So lovely, this frothy  
negligee as trousseau-  
fresh as the happy  
day she first tried  
it on . . . yet it's  
been washed and washed —  
*Lux-washed*, of course! All  
delicate lingerie will stay so soft,  
so colour-true . . . with the  
safe, gentle care of Lux suds.  
That's why Kayser remind you,  
"the secret of keeping fine lingerie  
new-looking is frequent washing,  
with lukewarm water and gentle  
Lux Flakes". A dip in soft  
creamy Lux suds brings them up  
again like new.  
Gentle Lux, as kind to your hands  
as it is to your clothes.



## NEW NEGLIGEE?

No, Lux-washed  
six times

CECIL BEATON, one of the world's  
leading photographers, took this Lux  
picture. It captures all the cloud-soft  
freshness that says it *must* be new — yet  
it's been Lux-washed six times . . . that's  
the Lux care you love!



LUX IS SO SAFE — YOU'LL WANT TO USE IT ALWAYS



# Meltonian

## FOR GOOD WHITE SHOES

DOESN'T STREAK or CAKE



★ You get a **FLAWLESS "just bought"** finish every time you clean your shoes

★ Preserves the finish — protects against drying and cracking

★ So clean and easy to apply

★ Dries in a flash

★ On smooth leather can be left matt or polished to a soft lustre

Now — as always — entrust your good shoes to Meltonian's special care

**MELTONIAN FOR ALL SHOES**  
A DRESSING FOR EVERY POPULAR SHADE



## Smooth away UNDERARM HAIR in just 3 minutes

No scraping with razors  
— no sore tender skin

Simply smooth on fast-working Veet. Let it remain 3 minutes—then wipe hair off! Hair is melted away just below the surface. Stubborn regrowth is discouraged, your skin is left smooth and white.

You can't afford to let unwanted hair spoil your charm when Veet is so easy, safe and quick.

Success is guaranteed with Veet, or money refunded.

**VEET** At your Chemist.

Large Size 5/3; Regular Size 3/3.

**LEGS TOO!** Veet makes bare legs glamorous — melts away hair. Discourages stubborn regrowth, keeps your legs looking smooth and free from unwanted, unsightly hair.

WEN 419

# Add these to your file

● Here are four recipes to add to your kitchen file. The picture is printed on one side of the page, and the ingredients and method are overleaf. Cut along the dotted line and each recipe is complete.

## VEAL AND NOODLE LOAF



## VEGETABLE RELISH

● Half a medium-sized cabbage, 3 green or red peppers, 2 large onions, 4 carrots,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons salt, 1 dessertspoon mustard seed or mustard powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoon celery seed,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups white vinegar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water.

Prepare all vegetables. Grate carrots and onions coarsely. Chop pepper finely, or place vegetables in electric food blender for a few seconds. Shred cabbage finely. Combine sugar, salt, mustard and celery seeds, white vinegar, and water in large saucepan; bring to the boil. Add shredded cabbage and simmer 5 minutes. Add all remaining ingredients and simmer a further 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. When cooked, spoon into warm sterilised jars, making sure vinegar mixture covers vegetables. Seal at once, label, and date.

To sterilise bottles: Wash jars in hot water, rinse and drain; dry in warm place, preferably a warm oven with door left ajar.

## APPLE TORTE



## CARAMEL SHORTBREAD DESSERT

● Half cup butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar (firmly packed),  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup plain flour (sifted), 1 tray vanilla ice-cream.

Thoroughly cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add the vanilla. Gradually add the sifted flour and mix well. Spread and press into a greased 8in.-square tin and bake in a moderate oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Cool and cut into six pieces. Serve on individual dishes with a scoop of the ice-cream on each piece and top each with caramel sauce.

Caramel Sauce: Thirteen to 14 soft caramels, 1-3rd cup hot milk.

Place caramels and milk in the top half of double boiler. Heat, stirring frequently, until caramels have melted and sauce is smooth. Serves 6.

NOTE: Butterscotch or chocolate sauce could be substituted for the caramel sauce if desired.



# Silvo

has  
a way  
with  
silver

Yes, Silvo always keeps your silver at its glowing best. Even after years of use your silver looks like new after regular cleaning with Silvo... it's so wonderfully effective, yet so gentle with the most delicate surfaces. And Silvo cleans and polishes quickly and easily because you use it straight from the tin.

Illustrated: Silverware by Paramount. Like other leading Australian silverware makers, Paramount recommend Silvo for the care of your silver.

**Silvo** LIQUID SILVER POLISH

## Because it's as fine as talc BON AMI cleans safely!

BON AMI  
NEVER SCRATCHES!  
BON AMI  
NEVER WEARS!  
BON AMI  
NEVER REDDENS  
OR ROUGHENS  
YOUR HANDS!



Bon Ami is as fine and silky as talc. That's why it's so gentle and safe for baths, sinks, windows and every household purpose. So kind to your hands, too. Besides, Bon Ami cleans and polishes like no other coarser cleanser can!

Gentle Bon Ami is also available in a convenient cake form.



**BE SAFE! USE BON AMI**  
— "it hasn't scratched yet!"



# DANDRUFF!

... you just can't  
wash it away



**Theraderm**  
medicates away dandruff  
and itchy scalp

in just three applications



Not a shampoo, not a tonic,

Bristol-Myers Theraderm is a clinically tested and proven formula which removes the scalp germs and hard layer of dead skin cells that cause dandruff and itchy scalp.

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## More recipes for filing

Below are the other recipes that complete this week's series of four to add to your kitchen file. They include a novel meat loaf, and a delicious dessert based on apples and topped with meringue.

### VEAL AND NOODLE LOAF

One and a half to 2lb. veal (cooked and minced), 2 eggs, 1 packet thin noodles, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup stock or water, salt and pepper.

Beat eggs, mix in veal, noodles (cooked in boiling salted water), onion, celery, stock, and seasonings. Press mixture into greased loaf-tin and bake in a moderate oven one hour. Turn out on to a hot platter, serve with mushroom sauce.

Mushroom Sauce: Chop 1lb. mushrooms; saute in 1oz. butter until slightly tender. Add 1 cup milk; heat slowly. Blend 1 tablespoon cornflour with extra 1 cup milk, stir into hot milk, season with salt and pepper. Bring to the boil and simmer 3 minutes.

Suggested vegetables to accompany this dish are cheese-topped tomatoes and buttered green peas. Serves 6.

### VEGETABLE RELISH



### APPLE TORTE

Quarter-pound butter or margarine, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 1/2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 4 cooking apples, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 egg-white, extra 2 tablespoons sugar, cherries.

Melt butter in saucepan, cool slightly, and pour into bowl. Add sugar gradually. Add eggs one at a time, mix thoroughly. Mix in sifted flour and baking powder. Spread on the bottom of a greased flan-tin. Peel and core apples, cut each into eight. Arrange apple pieces standing on end in cake mixture to form an open flower. Sprinkle with cinnamon and bake in a moderate oven 1 hour. Five minutes before end of cooking time, beat egg-white until stiff, add extra sugar gradually, beat to a meringue. Remove cake from oven, pile meringue on top roughly. Replace in oven and lightly brown. When cold, remove flan-ring and garnish with cherry pieces.

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lost his own. Room for fiddle. Can check office procedure.

"Mr. Merryman: Had it in waistcoat pocket and now accuses steward of pinching it (1).  
"Father Jourdain: Chucked it overboard.

"Mr. McAngus: Can't find it, but says he's sure he kept it. Frantic search—fruitless.

"Dr. Makepiece: Wasn't given one.

"Aubyn Dale: Thinks his sweetie took it. Doesn't know why.

"Miss Abbott: Put it in wastepaper basket. (Gone.)

"Miss Carmichael: Has got.

"So that's not much cop. No torn embarkation notice.

"I've told you about getting the D-B's hyacinths planted in the lounge. Dazzling reactions from Dale and Cuddy. Pity it was both. Explanation for Dale's megrim (spoonerism on TV) very persuasive. Note Cuddy's wedding anniversary date. Am I or am I not playing fair? Darling Troy, how very much, by the way, I love you.

"On a sea voyage, you may remember, human relationships undergo a speeding-up process. People get to know one another after a fashion very quickly, and often develop a kind of intimacy. They lose their normal sense of responsibility and become suspended, like the ship, between two worlds. They succumb to infatuations. Mr. Cuddy is succumbing to an infatuation for Mrs. D-B, and so, in a vague, rarefied way, is Mr. McAngus. The captain belongs to the well-known nautical group 'middle-aged seadog.' High blood pressure. Probably soaks in the tropics. Amorous. (Do you remember your theory about men of a certain age?) Has also set his course for Mrs. D-B.

"Makepiece has got his eye on Brigid Carmichael and so have all the junior officers. She's a nice child with some

## Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

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sort of chip on her shoulder. The D-B is a tidy armful and knows it. Mrs. Cuddy is a network of complications and Miss Abbott is unlikely, on the face of it, to release the safety catch in even the most determined sex monster. But I suppose I shouldn't generalise. She shaves.

"As for the men: I've told you enough about our Mr. Merryman to indicate what a cup-of-tea he is. It may help to fill in the picture if I add that he is the product of St. Chad's, Cantor, and Caius, looks a bit like Mr. Pickwick and much more like Mr. Chips, and resembles neither in character.

himself on TV that one catches oneself supposing him to be two-dimensional. His line is being a thoroughly nice chap and he drinks about three times as much as is good for him. For all I know, he may be a thoroughly nice chap. He has a distressing predilection for practical jokes, and has made a lifelong enemy of Merryman by causing the steward to serve him with a plastic fried egg at breakfast.

"JOURDAIN: Lancing and B.N.C. On a normal voyage would be a pleasant companion.



"Find the trouble?"

acter. He's retired from teaching, but displays every possible pedagogic eccentricity from keeping refuse in his waistcoat pocket to laying down the law in and out of season. He despises policemen, seems to have made a sort of corner in acerbity, and will, I bet you, cause a real row before the journey's over.

"AUBYN DALE: Education, undivulged. ? Non-U. So like

To me, the most interesting of the men, but then I always want to find out at what point in an intelligent priest's progress P.C. Faith begins to direct the traffic. I'll swear in this one there's still a smack of the jay-walker.

"CUDDY: Methodist school. Draper. Not very delicious. Inquisitive. Conceited. A bit mean. Might be a case for a psychiatrist.

"MAKEPIECE: Felsted, New College, and St. Thomas'. Is a psychiatrist. The orthodox B.M.A. class. Also M.D. Wants to specialise in criminal psychiatry. Gives the impression of being a sound chap.

"McANGUS: Scottish high school. Philatelist. Amiable eunuch, but I don't mean literally; a much-to-facile label. May, for all one knows, be a seething mass of 'thing.' Also very inquisitive. Gets in a tizzy over details. Dyes, as you will have gathered, his hair.

"Well, my dear love, there you are. The night before Las Palmas, with the connivance of Captain Bannerman, who is only joining in because he hopes I'll look silly, I am giving a little party. You have just read the list of guests. It's by way of being an experiment and may well turn out to be an unproductive bore. But what the devil, after all, am I to do? My instructions are not to dive in, boots and all, declare myself, and hold a routine investigation, but to poke and peer and peep about and try to find out if any of these men has not got an alibi for one of the three vital occasions.

"My instructions are also to prevent any further activities, and not antagonise the master, who already turns purple with incredulity and rage at the mere suggestion of our man being aboard his ship. On the face of it, the D-B and Miss C look the likeliest candidates for strangulation, but you never know. Mrs. Cuddy may have something which has escaped me, but I fancy that as a potential victim Miss Abbott is definitely out.

"However that may be, you can picture me, as we approach the tropics, muscling in on any

To page 54

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## Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

from page 53

cosy little tete-a-tete party that breaks out in the more secluded corners of the boat-deck and thus becoming in my own right a likely candidate for throttling. (Not really, so don't agitate yourself.) Because the ladies must be protected. At Las Palmas there should be further reports from headquarters, following Fox's investigations at the home end. One can only hope they'll cast a little beam. At the moment there's not a twinkle, but . . .

There was a tap at the door, and, on Alleyn's call, the wireless cadet, a wan youth, came in with a radiogram. "In code, Mr. Broderick," he said.

When he was gone Alleyn decoded the message, and after an interval continued his letter.

"Pause indicating suspense. Signal from Fox. It appears that a young lady from a small jewellery shop called Bijou Browne, after thirty days' disastrous hesitation, has coyly informed the Yard that she was half-strangled near Strand-on-the-Green on January fifth. The assailant offered her a bunch of hellebore (Christmas roses to you) and told her there was a spider on her neck. He started in on her rope of beads, which, being poppets, broke; was interrupted by the approach of a wayfarer, and bolted. It was a dark night and all she can tell Fox about her assailant is that he, too, was dark, spoke very nicely, and wore gloves and ever such a full dark beard."

Alleyn's suggestion that he should give a dinner party was made, in the first instance, to Captain Bannerman.

"It may be unorthodox," Alleyn said, "but there's just a chance that it may give us a lead about these people."

"I can't say I see how you work that out."

"I hope you will, though, in a minute. And, by the by, I'll want your collaboration, sir, if you'll agree to give it."

"Me! Now then, now then, what is all this?"

"Let me explain." Captain Bannerman listened with an air of moody detachment. When Alleyn had finished, the captain slapped his palms on his knees and said, "It's a crazy notion, but if it proves once and for all that you're on a wild-goose chase it'll be worth the trouble. I won't say no. Now!"

Fortified by this authority, Alleyn interviewed the chief steward, who expressed astonishment. Any parties that were given aboard this ship, the chief steward explained, were traditionally cocktail parties, for which Dennis, always helpful,

made very dainty little savories and records were played over the loudspeaker.

However, before Alleyn's vast prestige as a supposed V.I.P. and relation of the managing director, objections dissolved. Dennis became flushed with excitement, the stewards were gracious, and the chef, a Portuguese whose almost moribund interest in his art revived under a whacking great tip, was enthusiastic.

Tables were run together and decorated, wine was chosen, and at the appointed hour the nine passengers, the mate, the chief engineer, Alleyn, and Tim Makepiece, having first met for drinks in the lounge, were

immediate neighbors with stories of practical jokes that he had successfully inflicted upon his chums, as he called them, in the world of admiss. These anecdotes met with a gay response in Mrs. Dillington-Blick.

Mr. McAngus wore a hyacinth in his buttonhole. Tim Makepiece was obviously enjoying himself and Brigid had an air of being astonished at her own gaiety. Mr. Merryman positively blossomed or, at any rate, sprouted a little under the influence of impeccably chosen wines and surprisingly good food, while Miss Abbott relaxed and barked quite jovially across the table at Mr. Cuddy. The two officers rapidly eased off their guarded good manners.

The Cuddys were the tricky ones. Mrs. Cuddy looked as if



assembled in the dining-room at a much later hour than was usually observed for dinner at sea.

Alleyn sat at one end of the table with Mrs. Cuddy on his right and Miss Abbott on his left. The captain sat at the other between Mrs. Dillington-Blick and Brigid—an arrangement that broke down his last resistance to so marked a departure from routine and fortified him against the part he had undertaken to play.

Alleyn was a good host; his professional knack of getting other people to talk, coupled with the charm to which his wife never alluded without using the adjective indecent, generated an atmosphere of festivity. He was enormously helped by Mrs. Dillington-Blick, whose genuine enthusiasm and plunging neckline were, in their separate modes, provocative of jollity. She looked so dazzling that she sounded brilliant. Father Jourdain, who sat next to her, was admirable.

Aubyn Dale, resplendent in a velvet dinner jacket, coruscated with bonhomie and regaled his

she wasn't going to give herself away if she knew it, and Mr. Cuddy's smile suggested that he enjoyed secret information about something slightly discreditable to everyone else. They exchanged looks occasionally.

However, as the Montrachet was followed by Perrier-Jouet in a lordly magnum, even the Cuddys shed some of their caginess. Mrs. Cuddy, having assured Alleyn that they never touched anything but a drop of port wine on anniversaries, was persuaded to modify her austerity and did so with abandon. Mr. Cuddy cautiously sipped and asked sharp questions about the wine, pointing out with tedious iteration that it was all above his head, he being a very simple-living person and not used to posh meals. Alleyn was unable to like Mr. Cuddy very much.

Nevertheless, it was he who provided a means of introducing the topic that Alleyn had planned to exploit. There were no flowers on the table. They had been replaced by large bowls of fruit and shaded

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lamps, in deference, Alleyn pointed out, to Mr. Cuddy's idiosyncrasy. It was an easy step from here to the Flower Murderer. "Flowers," Alleyn suggested, "must have exactly the opposite effect on him to the one they have on you, Mr. Cuddy. A morbid attraction. Wouldn't you say so, Makepiece?"

"It might be so," Tim agreed cheerfully. "From the standpoint of clinical psychiatry there is probably an unconscious association."

He was young enough and had drunk enough good wine to enjoy airing his shop and, it seemed, essentially modest enough to pull himself up after a sentence or two. "But really very little is known about these cases," he said apologetically. "I'm probably talking through my hat."

But he had served Alleyn's purpose and the talk was now concentrated on the Flower Murderer. Theories were advanced. Arguments abounded. Everybody seemed to light up pleasantly on the subject of the death by strangulation of Beryl Cohen and Marguerite Slatters. Even Mr. Merryman became animated, and launched a full-scale attack on the methods of the police, who, he said, had obviously made a complete hash of their investigation.

He was about to embroider his theme when the captain withdrew his right hand from under the tablecloth without looking at Mrs. Dillington-Blick, raised his glass of champagne, and proposed Alleyn's

## Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

[from page 54]

health. Mrs. Cuddy shrilly and unexpectedly shouted "Speech, speech!" and was supported by the captain, Aubyn Dale, the officers, and her husband. Father Jourdain murmured, "By all means, speech." Mr. Merryman looked sardonic and the others, politely apprehensive, tapped the table.

Alleyn stood up. His great height, and the circumstance of

The anonymous throb of the ship's progress re-established itself.

"It's very nice of you," Alleyn said, "but I'm no hand at all at speeches and would make a perfect ass of myself if I tried, particularly in this distinguished company — The

to produce alibis. Alibis!" Mr. Merryman exclaimed and threw up his hands.

Mrs. Dillington-Blick, opening her eyes very wide, said, "What would you do, Mr. Merryman, if you were the police?"

There was a fractional pause, after which Mr. Merryman said with hauteur that as he was not in fact a detective the question was without interest.

The captain said, "What's wrong with alibis? If a chap's got an alibi he's out of it, isn't he? So far so good."

"Alibis," Mr. Merryman said grandly, "are in the same category as statistics; in the last analysis they prove nothing."

"Oh, come now!" Father Jourdain protested. "If I'm saying complime in Kensington with the rest of my community at the time a crime is committed in Bermondsey, I'm surely incapable of having committed it."

Mr. Merryman had begun to look very put out and Alleyn came to his rescue.

"Surely," he said, "a great many people don't even remember exactly what they were doing on a specific evening at a specific time. I'm jolly certain I don't."

"Suppose, for instance, now — just for the sake of argument," Captain Bannerman said, and was perhaps a trifle too careful not to look at Alleyn, "that all of us had to produce an alibi for one of these crimes. By gum, I wonder if we could do it. I wonder."

Father Jourdain, who had been looking very steadily at Alleyn, said, "One might try."

"One might," Alleyn rejoined. "One might even have a bet on it. What do you say, Mr. Merryman?"

"Normally," Mr. Merryman declared, "I am not a betting man. However, I would be prepared to wager some trifling sum upon the issue."

"Would you?" Alleyn asked. "Really? All right, then. Propose your bet, sir."

Mr. Merryman thought for a moment. "Coom on, now," urged the captain.

"Very well. Five shillings that the majority here will be unable to produce, on the spot, an acceptable alibi for any given date."

"I'll take you!" Aubyn Dale shouted. "It's a bet!"

Alleyn, Captain Bannerman, and Tim Makepiece also said they would take Mr. Merryman's bet.

"And if there's any argument about the acceptability of the alibi," the captain announced, "the non-bettors can vote on it. How's that?"

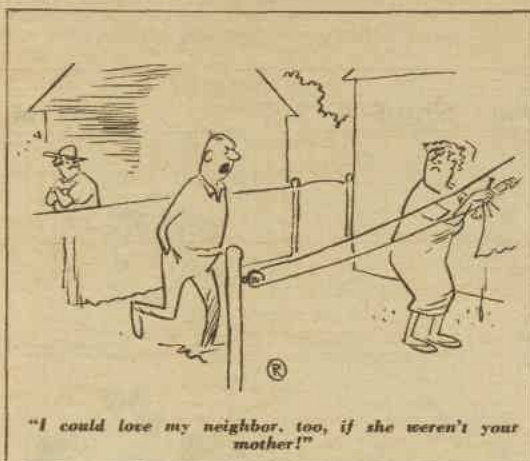
Mr. Merryman inclined his head.

Alleyn asked what was to be the given date and the captain held up his hand. "Let's make it," he suggested, "the first of the flower murders."

There was a general outbreak of conversation, through which Mr. Cuddy could be heard smugly asserting that he couldn't understand anybody finding the slightest difficulty over so simple a matter. An argument developed between him and Mr. Merryman and was hotly continued over coffee and liqueurs in the lounge. Gently fanned by Alleyn, it spread through the whole party. He felt that the situation had ripened and should be harvested before anybody, particularly the captain and Aubyn Dale, had anything more to drink.

"What about this bet?" he asked in a temporary lull. "Dale has taken Mr. Merryman."

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"I could love my neighbor, too, if she weren't your mother!"

his face being lit from below like an actor's in the days of footlights, may have given point to the silence that fell upon the room. The stewards had retired into the shadows, there was a distant rattle of crockery.

Church! Television! Learning! No, no. I shall just thank you all for making this, I hope I may say, such a good party and sit down." He made as if to do so, when, to everybody's amazement, and, judging by his extraordinary expression, his own as well, Mr. Cuddy suddenly roared out in the voice of a tone-deaf bull, "For — or —"

The sound he made was so destitute of anything remotely resembling any air that for a moment everybody was at a loss to know what ailed him. Indeed it was not until he had got as far as "jolly good fellow" that his intention became clear and an attempt was made by Mrs. Cuddy, the captain, and the officers to support him. Father Jourdain then good-humoredly struck in, but even his pleasant tenor could make little headway against the deafening atonalities of Mr. Cuddy's ground swell. The tribute ended in confusion and a deadly little silence.

Alleyn hastened to fill it. He said, "Thank you very much," and caught Mr. Merryman's eye.

"You were saying," he prompted, "that the police have made a hash of their investigations. In what respect, exactly?"

"In every possible respect, my dear sir. What have they done? No doubt they have followed the procedure they bring to bear upon other cases which they imagine are in the same category. This procedure having failed, they are at a loss. I have long suspected that our wonderful police methods so monotonously extolled by a too-complacent public are in reality cumbersome, inflexible, and utterly without imaginative direction. The murderer has not obliged them by distributing pawn tickets, driving licences, or visiting cards about the scenes of his activities and they are left therefore gaping."

"Personally," Alleyn said, "I can't imagine how they even begin to tackle their job. I mean, what do they do?"

"You may well ask!" cried Mr. Merryman, now pleasantly uplifted. "No doubt they search the ground for something they call, I understand, occupational dust, in the besotted hope that their man is a bricklayer, knife-grinder, or flour-miller. Finding none, they accost numbers of blameless individuals who have been seen in the vicinity and weeks after the event ask them

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W9

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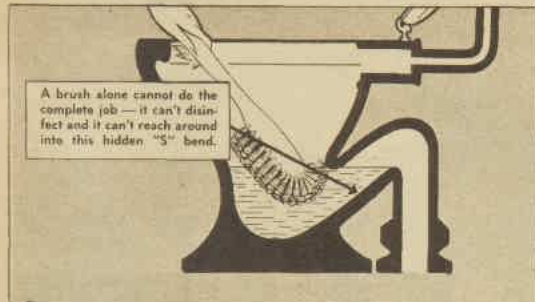
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We've all got to find alibis for the first flower murder. I don't even remember when it was. Does anybody remember? Mr. McAngus?"

Mr. McAngus at once launched himself upon the uncertain bosom of associated recollections. He was certain, he declared, that he read about it on the morning when his appendix, later to perforate, subjected him to a preliminary twinge. This, he was persuaded, had been on Friday, the sixteenth of January. And yet—was it? His voice sank to a whisper. He began counting on his fingers and wandered disconsolately amidst a litter of parentheses.

Father Jourdain said, "I believe, you know, that it was the night of the fifteenth."

... and only five days afterwards," Mr. McAngus could be heard droning pleasantly. "I was whisked into Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, where I hung between life and death

"Cohen!" Aubyn Dale shouted. "Her name was Beryl Cohen. Of course!"

"Hop Lane, Paddington," Tim Makepiece added with a grin. "Between ten and eleven."

The captain threw an altogether much too conspiratorial glance at Alleyn. "Coom on!" he said. "There you are! We're off! Ladies first."

Mrs. Dillington-Blick and Brigid protested at once that they hadn't a hope of remembering what they did on any night in question. Mrs. Cuddy said darkly and confusedly that she preferred to support her husband and refused to try.

"You see!" Mr. Merryman gleefully ejaculated. "Three failures at once!" He turned to Father Jourdain. "And what can the Church produce?"

Father Jourdain said quietly that he was actually in the neighborhood of the crime on that night. He had been giving a talk at a boys' club in Paddington. "One of the men there drove me back to the community. I remember thinking afterwards that we must have been within a stone's throw of Hop Lane."

"Fancy!" Mrs. Cuddy inter-

**Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds**

(from page 55)

posed with ridiculous emphasis.

"Fred! Fancy!"

"Which would, I suppose,"

Father Jourdain continued, "constitute my alibi, wouldn't it?" He turned to Alleyn.

"I must say I'd have thought so."

Mr. Merryman, whose view of alibis seemed to be grounded in cantankerousness rather than logic, pointed out that it would all have to be proved and that in any case the result would be inconclusive.

"Oh," Father Jourdain said tranquilly, "I could prove my

came a prey to further grave misgivings. "What about you, Mr. Cuddy? You, no doubt, can account for yourself?"

The passengers' interest had been satisfactorily aroused. If only, Alleyn thought, Captain Bannerman would pipe down, the conversation might go according to plan. Fortunately, at this juncture, Mrs. Dillington-Blick murmured something that caught the captain's ear. He became absorbed and every-

ing asked by Mr. Merryman if he had, in fact, attended that night appeared to take umbrage and was silent.

"Mr. Cuddy," his wife said, "hasn't missed for twenty years. They made him an Elder Bison for it and gave him ever such a nice testimonial."

Brigid and Tim Makepiece caught each other's eyes and hurriedly turned aside.

Mr. Merryman, who had listened to Mr. Cuddy with every mark of the liveliest impatience, began to question him about the time he had left his lodge, but Mr. Cuddy grew lofty and said he wasn't feeling quite the thing, which, judging by his ghastly color, was true enough. He retired, accompanied by Mrs. Cuddy, to the far end of the lounge. Evidently Mr. Merryman looked upon his withdrawal as a personal triumph for himself. He straightened his shoulders and seemed to inflate.

"The discussion," he said, looking about him, "is not without interest. So far we have been presented with two allegedly provable alibis"—he made a facetious bob at the captain and Father Jourdain—"and otherwise, if the ladies are to be counted, with failures."

"Yes, but look here," Tim said, "a little further examination—"

Mr. Merryman blandly and deliberately misunderstood him. "By all means!" he ejaculated. "Precisely. Let us continue. Miss Abbott—"

"What about yourself?" Mr. Cuddy suddenly bawled from the far end of the room.

"Ah!" Mrs. Cuddy rejoined, and produced a Rabelaisian laugh. "Ho, ho, ho," she said, without moving a muscle of her face. "What about yourself, Mr. Merryman?"

"Steady, Ethel," Mr. Cuddy muttered.

"Heavens!" Tim muttered to Brigid. "She's tiddly!"

She was tossing down bumpers at dinner—probably

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**FOR THE CHILDREN**

**Wuff, Snuff & Tuff**

by **TIM**



alibi quite comfortably. And conclusively," he added.

"More than I could," Alleyn rejoined. "I fancy I was at home that night, but I'm blown if I could prove it."

Captain Bannerman loudly announced that he had been in Liverpool with his ship and could prove it up to the hilt.

"Now then!" he exhorted, absentmindedly seizing Mrs. Dillington-Blick by the elbow. "What's everybody else got to say for themselves? Any murderers present?" He laughed immoderately at this pleasantry and stared at Alleyn, who be-

body else turned their attention upon Mr. Cuddy.

Mr. Cuddy adopted an attitude that seemed to be colored by gratification at finding himself the centre of interest and a suspicion that in some fashion he was being got at by his fellow passengers. He was maddening but, in a backhanded sort of way, rewarding.

The fifteenth of January, he said, consulting a pocketbook and grinning meaninglessly from ear to ear, was a Tuesday, and Tuesday was his lodge night. He gave the address of his lodge (Tooting), and on be-

**Six lively youngsters keep her hopping...**

..but good, pure VELVET SOAP keeps their clothes sweet and clean"

says *Aunt Jenny*



No "black" Mondays for happy Mrs. Snashall of Bedford Park, W.A. Even on the day she does her BIG wash, she finds time to stage a party for the kids. Velvet's extra-soapy suds get clothes clean so quickly with no hard rubbing.

With baby and the twins safely abed, sleepy young Glenda claims her share of Mummy's attention. Though Mrs. Snashall has washing to do every day, gentle Velvet always keeps her hands soft.

Balancing act with a sparkling Velvet-washed tumbler rounds off the last washing-up of the day. With Velvet suds the dishes are done in no time. (And thrifty Velvet helps so much to balance the budget, too!)



**GOOD PURE SOAP**

**Kind to hands and clothes — fast and thrifty for dishes.**





# White elephant for Barbara

★ When Warner Bros. began to cast "The Philadelphian" recently, they had great difficulty in persuading an established Hollywood star to take the rôle of the leading lady.

**N**ATALIE WOOD and Diane Varsi turned it down before Barbara Rush accepted it—against her better judgment.

The rôle was regarded as a white elephant.

Natalie turned it down because the film spans the life of a woman from 18 years to 30 and she believed she could not do the older scenes effectively.

Diane had just completed a film in which she portrayed a much older woman, and did not wish to do it again so soon.

Barbara took the rôle because she needed the money Warners offered and because her close friend Paul Newman, who was the male star, asked her to.

"As a matter of fact," Barbara said, "Paul himself was drafted into 'The Philadelphian'."

"He didn't want to do it, because he had just finished 'Cat on a Hot Tin Roof' and 'Rally Round the Flag'."

"However, he also wants to do a play, and the studio wouldn't give their permission unless he made this picture."

## "A tough rôle"

"The Philadelphian," a best-seller as a novel, is a complicated story of a high-society American family that is plagued by marital rifts and psychological troubles.

Barbara said that the day she and Newman reported for work on the film they were dismayed to find that the script was not finished.

"The picture had been held up so long," she said, "that the studio wanted to go into immediate production."

"The scriptwriters did a fine job—but they weren't given time to do it thoroughly."

"The result was that in many scenes Paul, Alexis Smith, Billie Burke, and myself had to improvise."

"Another difficulty was the ageing problem."

"One day I'd be 18, the next I'd be 30, then back to 20, and so on."

"It's been a tough rôle, but I'm glad I did it. The whole cast lived, ate, and breathed 'The Philadelphian' for three solid months. And because of that I think it will be a success."

"Paul Newman is happy with it. I'm happy with it. And the entire cast is pleased. But we're all tired, tired people."



**Barbara Rush**

**Films** WITH AINSLIE BAKER



## Rub-a-dub-dub... twins in a tub!



Paul and Bruce, 4-year-old twin boys of Mrs. Birchhoff, are full of life and always on the go. Mrs. Birchhoff says: "At the end of the day they're worn out—and I am, too! I pour a little Dettol into their bath water and mine. It's most refreshing and invigorating". You, too, will find a Dettol bath is a real reviver.



Anywhere—anytime . . . at home and at work those small cuts and abrasions frequently occur. Saying "I'll fix it later!" is no use. "Later" is too late—septic infection may have occurred. Reach for Dettol right away. Dettol helps guard against the risk of infection and aids healthy healing.



Harry Dearth, renowned actor-producer of Australia's favourite Radio and TV shows says: "Naturally I depend on my voice. A Dettol gargle soothes and helps protect my throat". Dettol in water brings cool, cool comfort to your throat—and helps to guard against the risk of possible infection.



An ounce of prevention when illness strikes . . . you can help prevent the infection from spreading by giving strict attention to hygiene. Soap and water and Dettol are your best weapons. Wash your hands frequently . . . disinfect the patient's linen and crockery . . . with soap and water and Dettol.



Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your doctor does . . . (ask him) . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential . . . in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . to disinfect linen and crockery. Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic . . . a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS

## TELEVISION PARADE

● Canberra, Australia's national capital, will become the star attraction for millions of TV armchair tourists who, from February 15 on, by courtesy of Channel 2, will do the city over.

CANBERRA has been a centre of interest and controversy ever since it was planned. It has been praised and condemned as a city, as a place to live, or a place to die.

Indeed, ever since U.S. architect Walter Burley Griffin won a world-wide competition for a design for the city in 1912 it has been fashionable to disparage it.

Canberra has made enormous growth in the past ten years, spreading across the Molonglo plains in rows of neat suburbs punctuated by thriving business centres, tall office buildings, majestic diplomatic residences, and imposing Government buildings.

The telecast will give viewers a chance to make their own assessment of the city.

Called "This Is Canberra," the national capital's TV lime-light starts with divine service from St. John's Church of England at 11 a.m. on Sunday, February 15, and ends the following Saturday, February 21, with a 4 p.m. visit to the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, and Lady Slim at "Yarralumla," the Vice-Regal residence.

Following the first telecast on Sunday is the big do—the opening of the Federal Parliament on Tuesday, February 17, at 2.30 p.m. and 10.10 p.m.

Channel 2's telecast starts with the arrival of Sir William Slim and Lady Slim at Parliament House, and goes on through the ancient ritual of the opening in the Senate Chamber.

That Tuesday night at 9 o'clock there will be a telecast called "Treasures of Parliament." It will come from the Library of Parliament House, and viewers will see and hear about some of the nation's historic documents and pictures.

On Thursday, February 19, at 3 p.m. and 10.10 p.m., viewers will see a panorama of Canberra. The telecast will be done from the top of the tallest building in the city.

Viewers will see the city before them, including the giant Administrative Building and the controversial Academy of Sciences building that is shaped like half a tennis ball.

So you can see for yourself the growth of Canberra, immediately after the panorama telecast there will be an historic film which includes Lady Denman, wife of the then Governor-General, naming Canberra in 1913, and the opening of the first Parliament in 1927.

On Friday, February 20, at 5.45 p.m. viewers will see a direct telecast from the observatory on Mt. Stromlo, a pine-tree-covered mountain overlooking Canberra.

The telecast was allowed only on condition that all TV equipment was removed by 7.30, because lights used for the telecast would upset delicate conditions required by astronomers for their work.

The most powerful tele-



"YARRALUMLA," official residence of Australia's Governor-General, from where the final telecast of "This Is Canberra" will be made on February 21 at 4 p.m. "Yarralumla" was built by grazier Frederick Campbell as a homestead in 1891, became a parliamentary visitors' hostel in 1913. Canberra's first Cabinet meeting was held there in 1924.

scope in the Southern Hemisphere is at Mt. Stromlo. Viewers will see the Commonwealth Astronomer, Dr. J. Bok, and his staff at work as they explore the heavens, and see close-ups of stars.

The last telecast—the visit to "Yarralumla" and the Slims—will give millions their only chance of ever seeing inside the Governor-General's home and garden.

"Yarralumla," built in 1891, was remodelled in the '20s and became the residence of the Governor-General.

Its first Royal visitors were King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, who stayed there when they visited Canberra in May, 1927, to open the First Parliament.

It was the home of the Duke

By  
NAN MUSGROVE

and Duchess of Gloucester and their family during the Duke's term as Governor-General, and Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip stayed there during their tour of Australia.

Viewers will meet Sir William and Lady Slim in the gardens, will see the garden, then follow Sir William inside, through the drawing-room and hall, and into the library.

Here Mungo MacCallum will interview Sir William, now nearing the end of his term as Governor-General.

"This Is Canberra" is the first attempt to show some of the differing facets of life at Canberra.

It should be fascinating whether you are a frustrated politician, enjoy glimpses of high life, are historically minded, or a star-gazer.

And if you regard these telecasts as the thin edge of the wedge that opens the way to long hours of parliamentary telecasts from Canberra, you can relax.

The three repeater stations necessary for the telecasts, one at Canberra, one at Lake George, 40 miles outside Canberra, and on The Gib, at Bowral, are only temporary installations. Unlike many

temporary installations at Canberra, they will be dismantled at the end of the week's telecasting.

SEVERAL weeks ago Sydney's Channel 7 announced the start of nine new shows. They ranged from the big private-eye show, "Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer," to a family show that highlights the life of a teenage girl, "Meet Corliss Archer."

At the end of the week's viewing my reaction was that the new cook's description of her meals as "plain but tasteless" was a very good description of most of the new shows.

None of them pleased me much or made me feel that I must keep on watching them.

The one I watched most closely, twice, was the Mickey Spillane show. Mickey Spillane is notorious as the author of a collection of detective novels which are banned in Australia.

I think it would have been better if Mr. Spillane's outpourings had stayed between their covers and not been transferred to the TV screen. In their original form they are crude and brutal. On the TV screen they are simply refined crudity and brutality.

You might think that crudity and brutality can't be refined. I couldn't agree more.

ZANIEST story of the week is a true one about a family with TV and some goldfish that are TV addicts.

The goldfish live in a bowl not ideally placed for viewing, but as soon as the TV is turned on, the fish turn and swim furiously to the best viewing corner of the bowl.

The family keep Australia's only Goldfish Rating Scale, which puts Perry Mason and Alfred Hitchcock at the top of the list and vaudeville and Westerns at the bottom.

Their owner believes that the occasional deliberate, quick movements of the suspense dramas keep her fish more engrossed than the consistent level of movement of the Westerns.

This may have no social significance, but TV producers should be interested.



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your  
type of  
hair . . .

# THERE'S A *Toni* HOME PERM FOR YOU

Your hair is a living, growing miracle with its own individual needs. So let your *hair* choose the Toni that's tailor-made for your type. Then you can't miss getting the *perfect wave of your life!* Here's how to choose your own special Toni.



## NEW SQUEEZE-SPRAY APPLICATOR

ends all under-waving or over-waving worries! It measures out the *exact* amount of waving lotion and neutralizer. Full Toni Kit with exclusive Applicator is 16/6.



Hair that's tinted  
or bleached?  
Or easy-to-wave?  
Ask for Toni  
**GENTLE**

Here's the Toni for locks that need light perming, or hair that's inclined to curl! Toni Gentle will leave your hair lustrous with life. And you can shampoo straight after waving if you wish . . . as you can with each type of Toni. Your Toni kit is **13/-**



First exciting perm?  
Or hard-to wave hair?  
Ask for Toni  
**SUPER**

Yes, *Super* is for teen-age hair, or hair that's young and vital. And gives a super wave to tresses that are slow to take a curl, or resist ordinary permanents. Look for carefree, frolicky waves without a whisper of after-wave dryness! Your Toni costs **13/-**



Have you normal,  
no-problem hair?  
Ask for Toni  
**REGULAR**

If you're one of the girls whose hair takes a perm quite easily, Toni *Regular* will give you a wave that looks as if nature planned it! Do try Toni soon . . . it's the *lastingest* as well as the loveliest wave. Yours for **13/-**



CHOOSE THE TONI THAT SUITS YOU BEST . . . use Tip Toni for end curls, only 9/-





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Flower-fragrant

**MUM**

Gives you day-long  
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If you knew you had perspiration odour you would promptly use new MUM. The trouble is that so many people have perspiration odour without knowing it.

Avoid the slightest risk of offending others. Use New MUM and be sure of personal freshness.

New MUM is the only leading deodorant that contains no strong astringents — new MUM will not block the pores.

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Safer for Charm...

Safer for Skin...

Safer for Clothes...

'Keeps you nice  
to be near...'

1/9, 3/-, 5/-

Another fine product of Bristol Myers



## ★★ INNOCENT SINNERS

Rank Organisation drama, with Flora Robson, David Kossoff, Susan Beaumont. Embassy, Sydney.

**DIRECTOR Philip** ("The Little Kidnappers") Leacock has done a highly satisfactory job of bringing to the screen Rumer Godden's delightful "Episode of Sparrows."

It is the story of a little London girl, deserted by a blowsy actress mother, and boarded-out with a kindly but financially hard-pressed restaurant-keeping couple.

When she snatches a packet of flower seeds from another child, she becomes obsessed with the idea of making a garden among the bombed ruins, which, with the streets, are her only playground.

A wonderfully plain, sharp-elbowed child, June Archer, plays the little girl. Richard Hay, a kind of junior Brando gang boss, and a bewitching eight-year-old, Brian Hammond, are the accomplices she lands in the police court.

Only a very occasional false note mars an otherwise beautifully real and simple little film. And don't be ashamed if there's a lump in your throat at the end.

In a word... **DELIGHTFUL.**

## ★★ THE VIKINGS

United Artists Norseman epic, with Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine, Janet Leigh. In Technicolor Technirama. Regent, Sydney.

**PROVIDED** you don't take it all too seriously, this early Viking romp has an undeniable kind of comic-strip appeal.

Eye-gouging, death by wolf-

pack, axe-throwing, and various other early rough-and-tumble sports stud the path of ambitious senior Viking Borgnine and junior Viking Douglas, who plan to invade England.

Slave Curtis (really the lost heir to the Throne of England) comes into the picture in a big way when he saves captive Welsh princess Janet Leigh from the sportive Vikings, senior and junior.

Though history may have been made of just this lusty stuff, it's safe to bet it was never half so entertaining.

But the queasy-stomached might find some episodes distinctly unsettling.

In a word... **RUGGED.**

## ★ SCANDAL IN SORRENTO

Italian comedy, with Sophia Loren, Vittorio de Sica. In Technicolor, CinemaScope. English subtitles. Esquire, Sydney.

**THIS** is another in the "Bread, Love and..." series, with Loren the big attraction instead of the original Lollo.

De Sica's first conception of that ageing Lothario, Antonio Carotenuto, was a nicely observed comedy study, and he has seen no reason to change it.

This time the story finds him returning (accompanied by his faithful housekeeper, Caramella) to his birthplace, Sorrento, there to take up the top appointment with the local police.

## New Film Releases

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars—below average

Rightly, his priest brother fears that the ever-gallant Antonio will disgrace his high position by amorous involvement.

Loren, a spirited but unconvincing fish-seller, soon has the gullible police chief twisted around her little finger.

It's all comparatively painless, harmless, and unimportant.

In a word... **FAMILIAR.**

## ★ BATTLE OF THE V.I

Eros Films wartime drama, with Michael Rennie, Patricia Medina, Milly Vitale, David Knight. Lyceum, Sydney.

**A FAIR** amount of patriotic excitement is provided by this somewhat late tribute to the brave Polish underground and the role it played in providing Britain with advance information on the V.I. flying bomb.

Conscripted as forced labor by the Germans, and sent to an unknown Baltic destination, Poles Rennie and Knight find themselves at Peenemunde, top secret experimental station, where Nazi scientists are working on the final stages of the flying bomb.

Working with the Underground, Rennie and his wife (Patricia Medina) and Knight and his girl (Milly Vitale) not only manage to send England warning of the bomb, but are finally able to send a captured experimental model.

There have been better handled Resistance stories, but this—especially in the later stages—is by no means without its moments of tension and drama. It would have been all the better, though, if it were a good deal shorter.

In a word... **EXCITING**

## MOVIE GOSSIP

**WHILE** most comedians want to play Hamlet, it seems that Donald O'Connor wants to do a Walter Mitty. He has sunk part of his savings in an original time-machine story that shows the hero in the role of a whole range of historical and modern characters. The film, which O'Connor hopes to get before cameras later this year, is to be named "Man of the Hour."

**NEW YORK** dancer Barrie Chase came into the news in a big way when Fred Astaire selected her as his dancing partner for a big television appearance. Before that she had been one of the dancers in Astaire's movie "Silk Stockings." Fox, who had Barrie in a small role in "Mardi Gras," think she is star material. She goes into the big dancing lead in their new musical, "Can-Can."

## Hair with the fresh young HALO look is softer, brighter Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no unnecessary additives in Halo, no greasy oils or soap to interfere with cleansing action or leave sticky, dirt-catching film. Halo, even in hardest water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, whistle clean.



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for the first time in her life." "That's it. Tiddly. How wonderful!" "Ho, ho, ho!" Mrs. Cuddy repeated. "Where was Merryman when the lights went out?" "Eth!" "Fair enough," Aubyn Dale exclaimed. "Come along, Mr. Merryman. Alibi, please." "With all the pleasure in life," Mr. Merryman said. "I have none. I join the majority. On the evening in question," he continued didactically, as if he expected them all to start taking dictation, "I attended a suburban cinema. The Kosy, spelt (abominable vulgarity) with a 'K.' In Bounty Street, Chelsea. By a diverting coincidence, the film was 'The Lodger.' I am totally unable to prove it," he ended triumphantly. "Very fishy!" Tim said, shaking his head owlishly. "Oh, very fishy indeed, I fear, sir!" Mr. Merryman gave a little crowing laugh. "I know!" Mr. McAngus abruptly shouted. "I have it! Tuesday! Television!" And at once added, "No, no, wait

## Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

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a moment. What did you say the date was?"

Alleyne told him and he became silent and depressed.

"What about Miss Abbott, now?" Captain Bannerman asked. "Can Miss Abbott find an alibi? Come along, Miss Abbott? January fifteenth."

She didn't answer at once, but sat, unsmiling and staring straight before her. A silence fell upon the little company.

"I was in my flat," she said at last, and gave the address. There was something uncomfortable in her manner. Alleyne thought, "Damn. The unexpected. In a moment somebody will change the conversation."

Aubyn Dale was saying waggishly, "Not good enough! Proof, Miss Abbott, proof!"

"Did anybody ring up or come in?" Brigid prompted with a friendly smile for Miss Abbott.

"My friend—the person I share my flat with—came in at ten thirty-five."

"How clever to remember!" Mrs. Dillington-Blick murmured and managed to suggest that she herself was enchantingly feckless.

"And before that?" Mr. Merryman demanded.

A faint dull red settled above Miss Abbott's cheekbones. "I watched television," she said.

"Voluntarily?" Mr. Merryman asked in astonishment.

To everybody's surprise Miss Abbott shuddered. She wetted her lips. "It passed . . . it sometimes helped to pass the time."

Tim Makepiece, Father Jourdain, and Brigid, sensing her discomfiture, tried to divert Mr. Merryman's attention, but he was evidently one of those people who are unable to abandon a conversation before they have triumphed. "Pass the time," he ejaculated, casting up his eyes. "Was ever there a more damning condemnation

of this enervating peepshow. What was the programme?"

Miss Abbott glanced at Aubyn Dale, who was looking furiously at Mr. Merryman. "In point of fact—" she began.

Dale waved his hands. "Ah-ha! I knew it! Alas, I knew it! Nine to nine-thirty. Every Tuesday night, heaven help me. I knew." He leaned forward and addressed himself to Mr. Merryman: "My session, you know. The one you dislike so much. The Jolyon swimsuit programme—'Pack Up Your Troubles,' which, oddly enough, appears to create a slightly different reaction in its all-time-high viewing audience. Very reprehensible, no doubt, but there it is. They seem quite to like it."

"Hear, hear!" Mrs. Cuddy shouted vaguely from the far end of the lounge, and stamped approval.

"'Pack Up Your Troubles,' Mrs. Dillington-Blick ejaculated. "Of course!"

"Madam," Mr. Merryman continued, looking severely at Miss Abbott, "will you be good enough to describe the precise nature of the predicaments that were aired by the—really, I am at a loss for the correct term to describe these people—the protagonist will no doubt enlighten me—"

"The subjects?" Father Jourdain suggested.

"The victims?" Tim amended.

"Or the guests? I like to think of them as my guests," said Aubyn Dale.

Mrs. Cuddy said rather wildly, "That's a lovely, lovely way of putting it!"

"Steady, Eth!" Miss Abbott, who had been twisting her large hands together, said, "I remember nothing about the programme. Nothing."

She half rose from her seat and then seemed to change her mind and sank back. "Mr. Merryman, you're not to badger Miss Abbott," Brigid said

quickly and turned to Aubyn Dale. "You, at any rate, have got your alibi, it seems."

"Oh, yes!" he rejoined. He finished his double brandy and, in his turn, slipped his hand under Mrs. Dillington-Blick's forearm. "Yes! I've got the entire Jolyon swimsuit address between me and Beryl Cohen. Twenty million viewers can't be wrong! In spite of Mr. Merryman."

Alleyne said lightly, "But isn't the programme over by nine-thirty? What about the next half-hour?"

"Taking off the war-paint, dear boy, and meeting the chums in the jolly old local."

It had been generally agreed that Aubyn Dale's alibi was established when Mr. McAngus said diffidently, "Do you know—I may be quite wrong—but I had a silly notion someone said that particular session was done at another time, I mean, if, of course, it was that programme."

"Ah?" Mr. Merryman ejaculated, pointing at him as if he'd held his hand up. "Explain yourself. Filmed? Recorded?"

"Yes. But, of course, I may be—"

But Mr. Merryman pounced gleefully on Aubyn Dale. "What do you say, sir? Was the session recorded?"

Dale collected everybody else's attention as if he invited them to enjoy Mr. Merryman with him. He opened his arms and enlarged his smile and he patted Mr. McAngus on the head.

"Clever boy," he said. "And I thought I'd got away with it. I couldn't resist pulling your leg, Mr. Merryman. You will forgive me, won't you?"

Mr. Merryman did not reply. He merely stared very fixedly at Aubyn Dale and, as Brigid muttered to Tim, may have been restraining himself from saying he would see him in his study after prep.

Dale added to this impression by saying with uneasy

To page 62

## THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

Here are this week's winners in The Laugh Was On Me. Each week we award £2/2/- each to the two best entries.

MY little girlie came in all smiles and told me she had been playing "Postie." I asked her where she got all the letters. She said: "Out of your wardrobe, Mummy."

My old love letters had been given to all the neighbors!

£2/2/- to Mrs. F. Brooks, Camberwell, Vic.

FEELING rather proud of my first chemise frock, I was really shaken when my husband's friend first complimented me on my thrift, and then added:

"I wish my wife would wear her old maternity frocks out, too."

£2/2/- to "Jaye" (name supplied), Dimboola, Vic.

Send your entries to The Laugh Was On Me, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



## Then start a course of DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLIDS

When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acids and poisonous toxins are deposited in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery. The wonder-drug THIONINE in MENTHOLIDS helps cleanse your blood of these poisons and soothes and assists inflamed, overworked kidneys to resume normal healthy functioning. If you or yours suffer kidney and bladder weakness, bad back, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, neuritis, headaches or hot flushes, start the MENTHOLIDS treatment to-day. MENTHOLIDS, with diet chart, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere. M1

## DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLIDS



Clever Olivia thought of everything—especially of so-useful Kleenex tissues! Wonderful for wiping razor blades . . . for removing excess powder, blotting lipstick.

## Olivia and George . . . Honeymoon . . . with KLEENEX

KLEENEX TISSUES

They're off! Never mind those tears—soft, disposable Kleenex tissues are kind to reddened eyes, proof against the hardest nose-blow!

Don't put a cold in your pocket. —avoid unpleasant hanky wash —use soft lint-free KLEENEX TISSUES



Snap-happy George cleansed sensitive lens with soft Kleenex tissue before photographing his lovely bride. Olivia uses Kleenex tissue to wipe off sand, sticky sun-tan oil.

"By the light of the silvery moon . . . Cool night air brings on sneezes don't put a cold in your pocket! George and Olivia reach for hygienic, disposable Kleenex tissues.

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The busier your family's morning, the more they need this energising, 100% whole wheat breakfast. Three golden-brown Weet-Bix biscuits give them a full measure of hearty eating enjoyment — and wonderful new 'get up and go' energy!

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## WEET-BIX

Every flake a storehouse of energy!

## Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

from page 61

boyishness. "I swear, by the way, I was just about to come clean. Naturally."

"Then," Alleyn said, "it was not a live transmission?"

"Not that one. Usually is, but I was meant to be on my way to the States, so we filmed it."

"Indeed?" Mr. Merryman said. "And were you on your way to the United States, sir?"

"Actually, no. One of those things. There was a nonsense made over dates. I flew three days later. Nuisance. It meant I didn't get back till the day before we sailed."

"And your alibi?" Mr. Merryman continued ominously.

"Well . . . ah . . . well — don't look at me, Padre. I spent the evening with my popsy. Don't ask me to elaborate, will you? No names, no packdrill."

"And no alibi," said Mr. Merryman neatly.

There was a moment's uneasy suspense, during which nobody looked at anybody else, and then Mr. McAngus unexpectedly surfaced. "I remember it all quite perfectly," he announced. "It was the evening before my first hint of trouble and I did watch television!"

"Programme?" Mr. Merryman snapped. Mr. McAngus smiled timidly at Aubyn Dale. "Oh," he muttered, "I'm no end of a fan, you know."

It turned out that he had, in fact, watched "Pack Up Your Troubles." When asked if he could remember it, he said at once, "Very clearly." Alleyn saw Miss Abbott close her eyes momentarily as if she felt giddy. "There was a lady," Mr. McAngus continued, "asking, I recollect, whether she ought to get married."

"There almost always is," Dale groaned and made a face of comic despair.

"But this was very complicated because, poor thing, she felt she would be deserting her great friend and her great friend didn't know about it and would be dreadfully upset. There!" Mr. McAngus cried. "I've remembered! If only one could be sure which evening. The twenty-fifth, I ask myself? I mean the fifteenth, of course."

Dale said, "I couldn't tell you which programme, but, ah, poor darling, I remember her. I think I helped her. I hope I did!"

"Perhaps," Captain Bannerman suggested, "Miss Abbott remembers now you've mentioned it. That'd fix your alibi for you."

"Do you, Miss Abbott?" Mr. McAngus asked anxiously.

Everybody looked at Miss Abbott and it was at once apparent to everybody but Mr. McAngus that she was greatly upset. Her lips trembled. She covered them with her hand in a rather dreadful parody of coquetry. She shook her head and her eyes overflowed.

"No?" Mr. McAngus said, wistfully oblivious and short-sightedly blinking. "Do try, Miss Abbott. She was a dark, rather heavy lady. I mean, of course, that was the impression one had. Because one doesn't see the face, and the back of the head is rather out of focus, isn't it, Mr. Dale? But she kept saying—and I think they must distort the voice a little, too—that she knew her friend would be dreadfully hurt, because apart from herself she had so few to care for her."

He made a little bob at Aubyn Dale. "You were wonderful," he said, "so tactful. About loneliness. I'm sure if you saw it, Miss Abbott, you must remember. Mr. Dale made such practical and helpful suggestions. I don't remember exactly what they were, but—"

Miss Abbott rounded on him and cried out with shocking

violence. "For heaven's sake stop talking. 'Helpful suggestions'! What 'suggestions' can help in that kind of hell!" She looked round at them all with an expression of evident despair. "For some of us," she said, "there's no escape. We are our own slaves. No escape or release."

"Nonsense!" Mr. Merryman said sharply. "There is always an escape and a release. It is a matter of courage and resolution."

Miss Abbott gave a harsh sob. "I'm sorry," she muttered. "I'm not myself. I shouldn't have had so much champagne." She turned away.

Father Jourdain said quickly, "You know, Mr. McAngus, I'm afraid you haven't quite convinced us."

"And that's the last alibi gone overboard," said the captain. "Mr. Merryman wins."

He made a great business of

by an emotion that is unorthodox in an investigating officer; he felt a liking and warmth for these people. He respected them because they refused to gossip with the Cuddys about Miss Abbott's unhappiness and because they had behaved with decency and compassion when she broke down. He saw Brigid and Mrs. Dillington-Blick speak together and then slip out of the room and he knew they had gone to see if they could help Miss Abbott. He was very much troubled.

Father Jourdain came up to him and said, "Shall we move over here?" He led Alleyn to the far end of the room.

"That was unfortunate," he said.

"I'm sorry about it." "You couldn't possibly know it would happen. She is a very unhappy woman. She exhales unhappiness."

"It was the reference to that spiritual striptease session of Dale's," Alleyn said. "I sup-



"I think it's so cute the way your little boy keeps forgetting his lines."

handing over his five shillings. Alleyn, Mr. McAngus, and Aubyn Dale followed suit.

They all began to talk at once, and with the exception of the Cuddys avoided looking at Miss Abbott. Brigid moved in front of her and screened her from the others. It was tactfully done, and Alleyn was confirmed in his view that Brigid was a nice child. Mrs. Dillington-Blick joined her, and automatically a group assembled round Mrs. Dillington-Blick. So between Miss Abbott and the rest of the world there was a barrier behind which she trumpeted privately into her handkerchief.

Presently she got up, now mistress of herself, thanked

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Alleyn for his party, and left it.

The Cuddys came forward, clearly agog, eager by allusion, and then by direct reference, to speculate upon Miss Abbott's distress. Nobody supported them. Mr. McAngus merely looked bewildered. Tim talked to Brigid and Captain Bannerman and Aubyn Dale talked to Mrs. Dillington-Blick. Mr. Merryman looked once at the Cuddys over his spectacles, rumbled his hair, and said something in a loud voice to Alleyn and Father Jourdain.

Alleyn was suddenly visited

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pose something in the programme had upset her."

"Undoubtedly," Father Jourdain smiled. "That's a good description of it, a spiritual striptease. I suppose you'll think I'm lugging in my cloth, but you know I really do think it's better to leave confession to the professional."

"Dale would call himself a professional."

"What he does," Father Jourdain said, with some warmth, "is vulgar, dangerous, and altogether odious. But he's not a bad chap, of course. At least I don't think so. Not a bad sort of chap at all."

Alleyn said, "There's something else you want to say to me, isn't there?"

"There is, but I hesitate to say it. I am not sure of myself. Will you laugh at me if I tell you that, by virtue of my training perhaps, and perhaps because of some instinct, I am peculiarly sensitive to — to spiritual atmosphere?"

"I don't know that I—"

Father Jourdain interrupted him.

"I mean that when I feel there is something really out of joint spiritually — I use this word because I'm a priest, you know—with a group of people I'm usually right."

"And do you feel it now?"

"Very strongly. I suspect it's a sense of unexpressed misery," said Father Jourdain. "But I can't hunt it home."

"Miss Abbott?"

"I don't know. I don't know."

"Even that," Alleyn said, "is not what you want to say."

"You're very perceptive yourself." Father Jourdain looked steadily at him. "When the party breaks up, will you stay behind for a moment?"

Father Jourdain said so softly that Alleyn could barely hear him, "You are Roderick Alleyn, aren't you?"

To be continued



myself," Kate was saying casually. "So tonight isn't possible."

"What about tomorrow?"

"We'll see," said Kate grimly. But her eyes sparkled. She was very lovely indeed.

Martin wanted badly to kiss her. Under the large plaster rosette on the high ceiling, which would one day be camouflaged by some enterprising tenant, would be an ideal place to take her in his arms. He might even, he thought wildly, rent this flat and begin the renovations. Which showed to what state the pursuit of an enchanting girl could bring him.

Isobel, it sometimes seemed to Martin, had always been there. She was the eminently eligible girl whom everyone assumed, including Isobel herself, he would eventually marry. He was very fond of her. He realised that she had many admirable qualities. She was good-looking, intelligent, did all the correct things, and, moreover, had money of her own, which removed the assumption that she might wish to marry him for Aunt Laura's money.

Yet, every now and then, he had a violent desire to escape from Isobel into some adventure of his own. With a girl who fired his imagination and stirred his senses. A girl such as Kate Marsh today. There had been other adventures of that nature in the past, but never with such a girl as Kate. He realised that abruptly as he sat beside Isobel in the expensive restaurant, the orchestra playing soft music and the waiter opening a second bottle of champagne.

There was a fair-haired girl dancing, slowly and dreamily, and suddenly he saw her as Kate, young, bright-eyed, exciting. He had an overwhelming memory of the moment when, beneath the atrocious plaster rosette in that bleak,

bare flat, he had wanted to take Kate in his arms.

"Why the champagne?" Isobel was asking.

"Why not?"

"Champagne is for celebrations," Isobel's dark eyes were asking a question. Was the celebration Martin's and hers, they were asking. Martin thought again of the plaster rosettes on the ceiling and Kate's fair, shining head.

"Not always for celebrations," he answered carefully, and knew at once that he had disappointed Isobel.

She drew slightly away from him, but her withdrawal did not hurt him as, momentarily that morning, Kate's in the taxi had.

"Martin?"

"Yes, darling?" He laid his hand over hers. The gesture was familiar, but somehow automatic.

"Martin, shouldn't you be getting a job?"

He was suddenly irritated.

"Now, don't you start about that. Aunt Laura has nagged me for weeks."

"Aunt Laura is right. You should be working."

"Meaning idleness is dangerous?"

"Meaning I don't like an idle man."

He swallowed his champagne and stood up.

"Let's dance," he said.

"Martin, you're not paying any attention to me."

"I'm asking you to dance."

"You see, I'm right. You can't take life seriously."

Martin took her in his arms and put his cheek against her hair in his customary manner. His thoughts were far away.

"On the contrary, this morning I spent flat-hunting."

"You really did that?"

"I really did. By the way, can you paint?"

## Continuing . . . Friendly Gesture

from page 27

"Paint?"

"Yes. Walls and ceilings. Particularly ceilings."

"Martin, don't be absurd. One gets those things done."

"Some girls can," Martin murmured.

He saw the wariness in her eyes.

"It's a pity I'm not one of those girls. Or is it a pity?"

Her voice was reflective. Not particularly sad. Just reflective and aware. "Let's sit down," she said.

They were sophisticated people. Nothing was discussed, because nothing intimate had ever been discussed by them. But by that gesture Martin knew that the warmth had gone out of their friendship.

Suddenly, with enormous clarity, it came to him that he was not in love with Isobel and never would be. She did not make him feel it was a spring morning and that daffodils were out. Neither, he divined, did he do that for her. It was sad but true. Over champagne that should have been for a celebration they had made a small disillusioned discovery.

But in the morning he would see Kate. All at once he wanted to sing, to shout . . .

In the morning, however, another discovery awaited. He came down to breakfast to see a strangely bare-looking dining-room.

"I say, Aunt Laura! What have you done with the pictures?"

Aunt Laura lifted her grey head. It did not seem to be as elegantly groomed as usual.

"They're away being cleaned," she said.

"Oh." But the room still seemed strangely naked. "The

Sung bowl is gone! You can't have sent that to the cleaners."

"No. Er—actually it's gone to Christie's."

"You're selling it!"

"I'm hoping to. They say it should fetch a hundred pounds. That's quite a lot of money."

"It's not a fortune these days," said Martin cheerfully.

And then to his utter amazement and consternation Aunt Laura burst into tears.

"Oh, Martin! How can I tell you? I've lost almost all my money. I'm poor."

Martin did not know which astounded him most, the sight of the composed, elegant Aunt Laura in tears or the thought of Aunt Laura without any money. She had never before wept in his presence, and, ever since as an orphaned small boy he had come to live with her, the fountain of her wealth had seemed inexhaustible. Why, she had given him the Bentley only last Christmas, to say nothing of an expensive education and a generous allowance.

After a moment he patted her on the shoulder and said, "Don't cry, darling. It will be a change being poor. A new experience."

"You don't believe me!"

"If you say so, of course I believe you."

"You can't, or you couldn't be flippant about it. Oh, Martin, I'm so terribly sorry, my passion for the Stock Exchange has done this. And I had meant to leave you everything, as you know. Now my solicitor tells me there'll be a mere pittance left for me to live on."

Martin looked kindly at the tear-streaked, distraught old face. He was very fond of his Aunt Laura. At the moment

no thought but sympathy for her entered his mind.

"I'll sell the Bentley. That'll bring in enough to buy you a cottage in the country."

"Martin, I knew you'd be sweet. And to think I've been doing this for years, frittering away my fortune like a mouse nibbling a piece of cheese."

"So that's why you've been urging me to get a job," Martin said. "Well, so I will. Today. Don't you worry. We'll salvage enough to establish you in the country. I can look after myself."

Immediately after breakfast he drove the Bentley away to be sold. Then he called on Henry Johnson, an old friend of his father, who long ago had promised him a job in his office when he was ready for it. Martin assured him that he desired nothing more than to work steadily and painstakingly all day long in a legal office, and could begin within a week. He couldn't see entirely what Aunt Laura was so distressed about. Everything could quite simply be reorganised. She could sell the Brompton Road house and live economically in the country, and as for himself, he would flat-hunt again today, but this time seriously.

Actually, compared to the thought of meeting Kate once more and having her accompany him on his search, Aunt Laura's troubles seemed unreal.

He had a sudden feeling of relief that last night had also clarified his association with Isobel. Everything now was pointing in one direction. Towards Kate. He found that he could scarcely wait to see her again.

But it was a day of shocks, and the last one was still to come. When he reported at

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Continuing . . .

## Friendly Gesture

from page 63

the office of the Friendly Society and asked to see Miss Marsh, he was told that she was unavailable.

"But she was going to help me to find a flat this morning!" he protested. "We had an appointment."

The grey-haired woman gave him her affable smile.

"Oh, it's Mr. Neville, isn't it? Miss Marsh said you would be in. She asked me to look after you, since she isn't able to. I have a list of three flats here which might interest you. I suggest you try this one in Bayswater first. It sounds the most probable."

"I'll come back this after-

noon," Martin said. "Perhaps Miss Marsh will be free then."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Neville, but we're really too short-staffed to have time to personally escort clients flat-hunting."

Kate must have got into trouble for going out with him yesterday. At least he must apologise to her for that.

"Can I see Miss Marsh for one minute?" he persisted.

"She's out shopping for a client, I'm afraid. I'm sorry, it seems to be your unlucky day."

Unlucky was scarcely the word. Catastrophic was a better one. Martin left the office without bothering to take the addresses of the new flats. And ran into Kate on the stairs.

She looked guilty and embarrassed. She also looked so lovely that, as on a fine spring morning, the world was instantly an exciting place.

Her voice, although being a little breathless, was also distant and cold. "I'm sorry I can't give you any time today."

"Sorry seems to be the operative word," Martin observed.

"Does it? Well, anyway, you could take your Bentley and save taxi fares, couldn't you? If you really are trying to live on a small salary."

"Oh, the Bentley," Martin laughed carelessly. "I only hired that."

"To impress landladies?" Kate's brows rose for one withering moment. Then she ran up the stairs and disappeared.

Now the day really was catastrophic. Martin realised glumly what had happened. In his impulsiveness to take the Bentley away and sell it for Aunt Laura he must have jumped in and driven off without noticing Kate, on her way to the office, on the other side of the road. So she had decided that he was a fraud and an impostor, merely wasting her time for some unexplained reasons of his own. This, true yesterday, was no longer true today, but she was obviously never going to give him the opportunity to explain.

Well, he told himself firmly, there were other girls in the world, other flats, indeed, if he worked hard enough, in time to come perhaps other expensive cars.

The urgent need of the moment was to get Aunt Laura's tangled affairs straightened, himself established in a flat, and the job Henry Johnson had so kindly offered him commenced. He would work like a slave. He would think of nothing else. He would give himself no time to think of parties, fair-haired girls with eyes like Kate's, or even the horrible plaster rosette on the ceiling of his living-room.

For he had decided, in the meantime, to take the flat they had looked at yesterday. It had been the better of the three, and, as Kate had said, some clever interior decoration would make all the difference. When he was not slaving at the office he would do the decorating himself.

His landlady, Mrs. Briggs, was of the helpful and garrulous type.

"Oh, Mr. Neville, whatever are you going to do with all them tins of paint? If you're going to interior decorate you'll want a step-ladder. My husband will lend you his. But be careful where you put it, because the floorboards are a bit creaky in one place, and we don't want you coming through on Miss French's head, do we?"

Martin forbore to comment. He had seen Miss French. She carried an unkempt Pekingese everywhere she went. She was as unkempt as her dog.

"And are you sure, Mr. Neville, that you know how to manage them new paints? There's a knack."

"I think I can master the knack, thank you, Mrs. Briggs."

"Well, that's fine, then. We'll be expecting a transformation."

It was Saturday, and Martin was not at the office. He planned to spend the whole day and Sunday also in the transformation that Mrs. Briggs confidently expected. He had never handled a paint brush in his life, but if mere girls like Kate Marsh could use one he certainly could. Actually he hoped it was a little difficult, because that would keep his mind off other things. His loneliness, for instance.

The house in Brompton Road was shut up, Aunt Laura had gone to stay temporarily with friends. Isobel was in Scotland (not that she mattered, for even had he cared she would not have been interested in a man who could offer no more than two shabby rooms, share bath and kitchen arrangement), and most of his other friends were out of London. The ones who were in town he was avoiding. When he had his flat fixed he would throw a party, a simple beer-and-cheese affair.



He might even ask Kate. He would send her a brief note: "Will you come and celebrate my new color scheme?" Perhaps when she knew he was really living in the flat she would realise he had been serious after all.

It was strange, Martin reflected, standing at the top of Mr. Briggs' step-ladder and tugging at the plaster rosette which seemed to be coming slightly adrift, how a man could change from a playboy to an earnest worker in such a short time. Which only went to prove—

The remainder of that piece of philosophy remained unexpressed in his mind, for the plaster rosette had been anchored much more precariously than one would have expected. As he explored it, it abruptly released its frail hold on the ceiling and came crashing on to his head. Inevitably he lost his balance on the ladder, and after a wild moment of doom there was silence, and settling white dust, and a rather appalling pain in his shoulder.

But in no time at all there were alarmed twittering voices. Mrs. Briggs and the shaggy Miss French, he thought wearily, and found that his eyes were so filled with plaster dust that he could not keep them open. Neither could he move very well because of the pain in his shoulder.

"I told him!" Mrs. Briggs was saying emphatically. "I said, careful where you put the ladder. Right under the rosette, I ask you! And I said I didn't believe he knew about painting. You could see he wasn't the practical kind. What shall we do, miss? Get a doctor?"

"Yes, I think so. You go. I'll stay with him."

Martin opened one painful eye. It watered so badly that he still couldn't see.

"That couldn't be Kate?" he said carefully.

The voice came back, light, sweet, like cool water in an arid desert.

"It could be."

"But she doesn't know I live here. She thought I was only an unpleasantly rich type wasting her time."

"She happens to know what business goes on in the office, particularly as regards flat-letting. Martin, dear, where is it you hurt?"

Dimly Martin could see the daffodil head bent over him. Suddenly the tears in his eyes became real.

"It's only my shoulder," he said. "It's nothing at all. Kate—Kate, my sweet—"

"Then don't try to sit up," Kate said firmly. "The doctor will be here in a moment."

"Make him wait. I want to talk to you," Martin made a supreme effort and sat up. He rubbed the dust from his eyes with his unhurt hand and saw Kate clearly, kneeling be-

fore him. She was wearing a sweater and jeans. A piece of green silk tied her hair back. She had, of all things, a paint brush in one hand.

She noticed Martin's perplexed eyes on it and laughed as she stood up and found a spot to sit a little away from him.

"This is my favorite brush, so I brought it to use. I thought you would be starting your painting. I knew you were an amateur, but I didn't think you would have wrecked the place so quickly!"

There were footsteps on the stairs, and Mrs. Briggs' loud excited voice with some explanation about "step-ladders and them old-fashioned plaster pieces on ceilings."

Martin said urgently, "Kate, darling! Did you really come to help me? Why?"

Kate gave her slow, enchanting smile.

"It was just a friendly gesture," she said.

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Continuing . . . .

## Moment of Triumph

[from page 29]

taken, on whatever occasions, because he made it his business to be wherever he knew that I would be. The guest at my own home dance had said no more than a great many persons in London were saying through that summer . . . All that I knew then was that if John were not present, the whole of me did not seem to be there.

It is a strange thing; I can see the days of that summer as clearly, as minutely, as though I were living through them for the first time. But I cannot bring back the first time that I saw Mrs. Dene. Nor even recall whose were the voices which sounded in my ears revealing just who she was.

Her beautiful figure, her dark red hair, her brilliant, rather haggard dark eyes, and her exquisite frocks weave through the picture, and a faint, a very faint echo of the first stabbing and shattering pain throbs for me even now as I see her. And the voices—discreet undertones, indifferent, meaning no harm beyond the usual cynical gossip—I cannot remember just when or how they filtered through those days like a slow poison.

I do not forget that John was still Sir John Ditton, an acquaintance, no more, of my family. That no soul on earth knew what he meant to me from the first moment. That no one in my world connected him with me—how should they? Emmy Forrester, the Forresters' dumpling of a girl . . . nice child, no airs or affectation, and always seems to be enjoying herself. I knew later on that that was what kindly friends of Father and Mother said about me.

Mrs. Dene was a grass widow, I learned. A husband in some impossible frontier post in India, and she remained in England because her two little boys were at school.

"One way of accounting for it," a voice said with a dry snigger. "She won't leave England so long as Jack Ditton's a free man . . ."

Another voice comes back to my ears: "She'll see to it that he's never anything else, my dear. She's kept him from settling down for—how long is it now?"

I know that was the night I cried myself sick for the first time in my life.

But I knew another thing—I knew it even then. I wasn't crying there in the dark till my pillow was soaking, for despair. There was a sense of being shattered, of being torn apart.

But when the sickly grey light of morning was in the room, and I stared in the glass at my devastated, grotesque-looking face, I still felt the penetrating gaze of John's eyes bent on me, as though he stood beside me. What had been remained.

I was struggling for my very life in darkness and baffled confusion and without any clear understanding. But what had lit between himself and myself, as though a match touched a candle, the first time that we faced each other in a crowded drawing-room, shone and rose still. I was shaking with pain that was almost bodily pain.

But suddenly I was angry. Angry with a stranger who was everything which I was not and never could be. Hating her, I think—yes, I'm sure—hating her with a vehement, childish fury. But not afraid . . .

To page 67



## Continuing . . . . . Moment of Triumph

from page 66

So it came to the dried-up, wretched waning of that London summer. And the day when I dipped out of the house, evading Miss Louey, who still escorted me when I went out walking, and went into the park by myself for no reason except a driving restlessness and the knowledge that nobody whom I knew would be there. All the world — as I knew it — was leaving town. We were going away the day after next. I crossed the yellowing grass and sat down under the drooping trees.

Someone stopped, standing before me, and I looked up. The winged joy did not lift me, but the feeling dropped quietly, utterly into place, like a stone sinking into a pool: here was the rest of me, the whole of me was sitting on this park bench, since John was before me.

We looked at each other without speaking. Just as it was, the first time. He sat down beside me and said, not "What

drew me to my feet and drew my hand through his arm: "I love you, Emmy."

"I know," I said, and I can hear the cherries on my hat rustle and tap as I nodded. "I love you, too . . ."

I believe that I must have grown up a little between summer and autumn, when there was our wedding. I find myself now newly aware of what people were thinking about our marriage, and saying, but not to me . . . And I did not even mind. It couldn't touch me. It was outside, as moths batter and clatter against a lampshade. The light burns on.

"Who'd ever have thought young Emmy would have such an eye to the main chance? She seemed so naive . . ."

"Oh-h!" (A demur of protest.) "I think you are being hard on her, Grace. She was probably dazzled, she certainly isn't the first. Money, and the

into fine kid gloves. The incongruous, elaborate sables which were Jack's wedding present, all heads and tails and dark golden folds, lay on the foot of the bed.

The door opened without a knock, and I saw the apparition in the glass and turned.

"You don't know me," Lillian Dene said.

She looked, I thought, like an exquisite fashion-plate in her sweeping skirt of mole-grey velvet and her squirrel cape and muff with a great bunch of forced violets, and cloudy ostrich feathers trailing from her wide hat to frame her cheek.

"But I do," I said. I was looking at her as I went on working my fingers into the tight new gloves. "You're Mrs. Dene. I've seen you numbers and numbers of times — ever since I came out. I was expecting to see you downstairs, but you never came up to shake hands with us — did you?"

Lillian Dene laughed, short and harshly. "No. I never stood in line with all the well-wishers. But I had a fancy to see you close to." Her brilliant dark eyes moved up and down me from head to foot as I sat before the glass.

"I wonder if you have any idea of what you're doing, Lady Ditton? And what you think you are? You've somehow managed to snatch quite a good marriage — a man nearly old enough to be your father, with some money and a title . . ."

"I shall be nineteen in January," I interrupted. "Jack would have had to get married awfully young to be my father!"

Her face distorted in an instant; it became savage — and almost ugly.

"You talk like a pert child. Listen, you poor little fool. How long do you think you can hold him now that you've got him? What do you know of men? You imagine you're in love with him, perhaps? It'll be worse for you if you are, I can tell you that."

"I've loved him ever since I first knew him," I said quietly. I peeled off one glove and inserted an ivory glove-stretcher into the fingers. "Before I was grown up at all. I've never thought about anybody else, only him. You think you're hurting me, Mrs. Dene. It used to hurt me — horribly. I used to come home from dances and places where I'd seen you, and cry in bed. But not now, not any more. Not since Jack found me . . . I remember that I slipped my hand into the eased glove and murmured, 'That's better!'"

I stood up, and hung the sables over my arm and went to the door and down the stairs. The people below moved and parted as Jack came to the foot of the stairs to meet me. I saw his lifted face; I couldn't interpret what was in it in that moment; but I've seen it through the years between, and understood. Unlimited tenderness, something that was awe. Some wordless appeal that was a voice of the heart. I might not understand, then. But I loved him with all that there was of me, even my ignorance, my inexperience, my green, raw youngness; loved him so absolutely that it was the sufficient answer . . .

They said I smiled at him, I expect I beamed at him from ear to ear . . . I remember feeling, without looking up, the grey-clad figure standing at the stair-rail on the landing above, looking down the well of the hall at the crowd and Jack and me. And suddenly I felt a twinge, a prick, of nothing but compassion.

I put my hand into his outstretched hand and we walked through the waiting throng together.

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she's thinking of Fruit Salad

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are you doing here?" but "I know I should find you here."

The light was lowering in the sky over the water, and slanting through the dusty leaves, when we walked back across the parched reaches of turf, with my hand drawn through his arm and locked in his. We had sat talking while time passed with no more reality than the figures strolling by. It was strange to be using words when all that the words reached out to encompass was sealed, unspoken, in the first moment that we saw each other. I think, as I remember, that I said very little. It is Jack's voice which I hear.

"It happened as soon as I saw you, Emmy. Even now I cannot say what it was. But you're so young, my dear, my dear — you are half my age, do you know that?"

"It happened to me, too. And what has age or anything else to do with it? It happened —"

Out of that shining, timeless hour some of the words endure for me. If, when I come to die, I can hear anything, it is those which I shall hear: "You are my peace, Emmy. You are my heart's rest . . . But what for you, my little child, my blessed little thing? What for you?"

"I don't know," I hear my voice answer, with a child's stark truth. "I've never thought. I only know you're what I want . . ."

And the sudden laughter lighting his grey eyes as he took my hand, and unbuttoned the glove, and held my palm against his lips. "Like the chicken salad and trifle, Emmy?"

We could laugh. I'm quite sure they laugh on the shores of Heaven. At last, as he

title — and, of course, he has great charm, you can't deny it."

"No wonder Edith Forrester looks jubilant — though she's trying hard not to."

"Emmy's father was against it, though. I suppose Edith talked him round?"

"No, I heard it was the child herself. It seems she was set on having Jack Ditton!"

"I simply don't understand it. What is Jack thinking of? Why this little thing?"

"I think she's rather a darling!"

I hardly need the photograph to see myself at our wedding: hairdresser, dressmaker, Mother, and old Nannie had done their level best, and only succeeded in making me look younger than ever. But I was delighted with the results.

"She don't look pale, m'm." Nannie had said, surveying me when I was dressed, offering the observation in a comforting manner to Mother and yet with a hint of dissatisfaction. Eighteen-year-old brides should look pale, at least, just before the ceremony. But my face was as rosy as an apple, and almost as shiny, despite Mother's restrained use of papier poudre.

I was in my room, changing to go away. A minute before the room had been full, Nannie and the bridesmaids fussing round me; then they had run downstairs, Nannie treading ponderously behind, and I was alone. Just for a moment, and for the first time since I woke up that morning.

I sat before the glass, in my brand-new costume of crushed-strawberry cloth, a fur toque tufted with shaded berries fastened to my little frizzed head with gold hatpins. I was carefully working my fingers



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# AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD  
 For week beginning February 16



## ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21 — APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
 ★ Lucky color for love, pastels.  
 ★ Gambling colors, trifolers.  
 ★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.  
 ★ Luck in initiative.

★ You tend to sit back and wait to be asked to join a circle which appeals to you. You may have a long wait. Offer your services, support, and you'll be welcomed. Community projects benefit from your assistance. Young subjects find outlet for their energies in new directions. You are in groups for sites, outings, social affairs of which you are ringleader.



## TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21 — MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
 ★ Lucky color for love, white.  
 ★ Gambling colors, white, blue.  
 ★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.  
 ★ Luck in showing your talents.

★ Unless your abilities are made known you could be passed over with only yourself to blame. Don't pretend to skills you do not have. You have a chance to try unfamiliar tasks. Seek help from the more experienced, and you'll impress those who count. Any change made now in connection with occupation is likely to be permanent. Watch your spending.



## GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21 — JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
 ★ Lucky color for love, black.  
 ★ Gambling colors, black, orange.  
 ★ Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.  
 ★ Luck in imagination.

★ A touch of imagination, originality, adds zest to your doings. You must visualise your goal. Whether your objective be financial, social, or personal, keep the target constantly in sight. If a home-maker, picture your ideal home, then work towards it. If in love, you have a chance to achieve a lasting partnership.



## CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22 — JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
 ★ Lucky color for love, rose.  
 ★ Gambling colors, rose, black.  
 ★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.  
 ★ Luck in a little mystery.

★ You may be attractive, well-mannered, well-groomed, yet the thrill at the party passes you by. You are so standardised that you become just one of a nice crowd. It's up to you to be a little different from the rest, so that others, perhaps an attractive stranger, will be intrigued, fascinated, perhaps puzzled. Develop a social accomplishment.



## LEO The Lion

JULY 23 — AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
 ★ Lucky color for love, light blue.  
 ★ Gambling colors, blue, mauve.  
 ★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.  
 ★ Luck in co-operation.

★ Give way to others where no principle is at stake. If you are dominating the conversation, and laying down the law, your popularity will soon wane. Listen for a change, let others lead while you are content to follow. This applies especially to marriage partners, parents, and children. Give and take is necessary for harmonious relations.



## VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
 ★ Lucky color for love, violet.  
 ★ Gambling colors, violet, grey.  
 ★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.  
 ★ Luck in an agenda.

★ You are disorganised after holidays. Have a programme. Put down what you must do daily or weekly for yourself, your home, family. Unless you work to a schedule, you'll end in a hopeless muddle. Rearrangement of equipment, furniture for more convenience, will help. If in love, keep evenings aside for other interests, friends, and hobbies.



## LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
 ★ Lucky color for love, yellow.  
 ★ Gambling colors, yellow, green.  
 ★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.  
 ★ Luck through youth.

★ If a parent, you shine in reflected glory when your child receives a compliment or attains an ambition. If a teenager, one of your contemporaries helps you get a job. If older, you are successful with young people in a new venture. In some cases, association with a junior brings luck in a speculative venture with satisfaction to you both.



## SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
 ★ Lucky color for love, brown.  
 ★ Gambling colors, brown, green.  
 ★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.  
 ★ Luck in finishing a task.

★ Starting off with enthusiasm, somewhere along the line you sagged; your fine beginning still waits for you to carry on. You have several jobs to complete. Resolve to do them. Don't try to cut corners. Take pains with details, work slowly, correctly. You'll be proud of the results, receive admiration from friends, family, your beloved.



## SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
 ★ Lucky color for love, navy.  
 ★ Gambling colors, navy, white.  
 ★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.  
 ★ Luck in the printed word.

★ An article in a publication, an advertisement, marks the beginning of a new project. Your surroundings, your appearance, your outlook may be changed by it. Results will be gradual, rather than miraculous. If it's a romantic problem, reading of a good novel can give you a new perspective. Love affairs remain admiration from a distance.



## CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 24 — JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
 ★ Lucky color for love, orange.  
 ★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.  
 ★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.  
 ★ Luck in an acquisition.

★ When you least expect it, you find treasure. This could be something you've long desired, or something that will enhance the value of other possessions. Ways and means to your desire may include a few sacrifices, but you won't mind. If young, engaged, your future home should benefit through your keen business sense and shrewd judgment.



## AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
 ★ Lucky color for love, silver.  
 ★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.  
 ★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.  
 ★ Luck in friendship.

★ There is a new element coming into your life. A person who was once prominent may again play a part in your affairs, or you are about to meet for the first time one who will influence your ideas, plans, environment. If of the opposite sex, a love interest could later lead to marriage. Travel is indicated with someone you have not yet met.



## PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
 ★ Lucky color for love, green.  
 ★ Gambling colors, green, white.  
 ★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.  
 ★ Luck in a spare-time job.

★ You could turn a hobby or a skill into a modest money-spinner. If a homemaker, you may have a part-time job offered you. For some there may be an exchange of services with friend or neighbor. Whatever form it takes, you get a measure of independence, a lift to your morale. It will emphasize your personality, give you a chance to express yourself.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Australian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, A.P.O., Hobart, New Zealand. Overseas readers send money orders payable to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

# Fashion PATTERNS

**F5090.**—Smart two-way suit can be made with a jacket or jumper top. The skirt has all-round pleats. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Suit with jumper top, 5yds. 36in. material; suit with jacket, 3yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

**F5072.**—Slender-line one-piece design with a prettily bloused bodice top. The pattern includes short and three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Design with three-quarter-length sleeves, 2yds. 54in. material; design with short sleeves, 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

**F5026.**—Chic two-piece jumper-suit with a softly bloused top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material, 1yd. 36in. contrast for collar and cuffs, and 1yd. 36in. contrast for bow. Price 3/9.

**BEGINNERS' PATTERN**  
**F3747.**—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.



**F5030.**—Matron's one-piece dress designed with a figure-flattering silhouette. Sizes 36 to 42in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

**F5069.**—Smart two-piece suit. The jacket can be made with short or three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Design with three-quarter-length sleeves, 3yds. 54in. material; design with short sleeves, 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

**No. 894.—BARE-ARMED TENNIS DRESS**  
Smartly styled one-piece tennis dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron white poplin and white plus. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 38/6, 36 and 38in. bust 39/11. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

**No. 895.—LUNCHEON SET**  
The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a pretty water-lily motif. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Place mats 15 by 15in., cup-and-saucer mats 5 by 5in. Twelve-piece set consisting of six place mats and six cup-and-saucer mats, price 22/3. Postage and registration 2/9 extra. Serviettes to match, 11 by 11in., price 1/9 each. Postage 6d. extra.

**No. 896.—DUCHESS SET**  
The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a Victorian-lady motif. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Price 8/11. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

**No. 897.—HOUSECOAT-CUM-DRESSING-GOWN**  
The gown is obtainable cut out ready to make in a pretty floral seersucker. The color choice includes pale blue and white; coffee-pink and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 38/6, 36 and 38in. bust 60/-. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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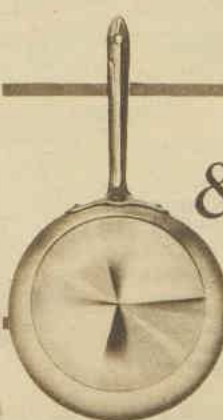
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## Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and PRINCESS NARDA find the emissary from the planet Magna ignores their questions about the invitation he has brought from his Emperor, Magnon. Unfortunately, Mandrake and Narda have had all memories of their last visit to Magna erased from

their minds, so they are baffled by the summons to attend the birth of the Emperor's first son, whom he intends to call Nardrake. When Mandrake protests that they will go nowhere until the messenger explains what it is all about, he finds a ray-gun directed at him. The man threatens. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





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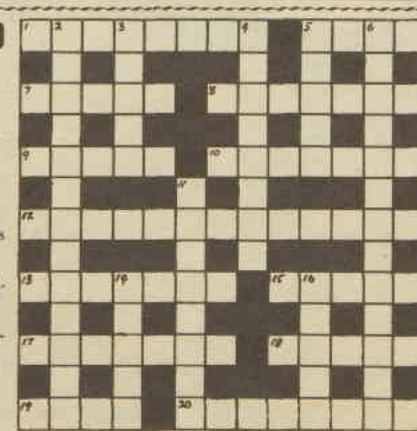
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**TEENA** by Linda Terry



**THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD**

- ACROSS
- Old port for an old sailor (8).
  - Irish clan in antiseptic conditions (4).
  - Holy skill for a beginning (5).
  - Stretchers to obstruct commotions (7).
  - Cooked with fat in a pan if red (5).
  - Hard-hitters, the middle of them keeps some window clean (7).
  - Postscripts before they are written (13).
  - Pal's hat (Anagr. 7).
  - Semi-precious stone in a movable barrier (5).
  - I'm a liar (Anagr. 7).
  - The sun on a famous legislator (5).
  - Swelling on a tree-trunk (4).
  - Almost a niggardly unmarried woman (4, 4).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Not satisfactorily, yet according to a prevailing style (3, 1, 7).
- Lurch into a pleasure boat (5).
- Built-up timbers above the keel once often connected with Dick (8).
- Razor-sharpener makes good after-dinner drinks when turned (5).
- Sources of electricity (5-8).
- A horse from the last lion (8).
- A pigeon poet (5).
- Obscurity mostly caused by a machine for weaving (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

**BOY...**  
milk tastes great mixed with chocolatey

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**CHILDREN  
CROSSING**

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